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THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR AND BRITISH PRESTIGE.

Without seeking excessive refinement in definition, it may profitably be recalled that the common colloquial use of the word prestige overlooks its primary signification, which involves the idea of illusion, or even of delusion. When employing it in ordinary speech we do not think of a veil concealing truth, but of a solid basis of achievement or power which underlies present acknowledged reputation. Thus the word is practically affirmative, not negative; it suggests actuality, not a mask. But for the very reason that prestige is popular impression, resting upon surface appearance assumed to be substantial fact, it is among the most uncertain of possessions; upon a pedestal to-day, in the dust to-morrow, with the facile fickleness noted in populaces. When to this source of error in the adoption of opinion is added the misleading influence of strong prejudices, when misunderstanding of conditions combines with bias of judgment, mutabilities of prestige may be both sudden and extreme. The decline of prestige may involve as much illusion as its growth; therefore its value, while not to be denied, may easily be exaggerated.

Prestige, then, does not necessarily correspond with fact, even moderately; on the contrary, it is apt to be much

in excess or much in defect. Nevertheless, it is a valuable possession; an asset which counts for a good deal in the reckoning of international balances. Accepted at its face value, and repeated in the street from man to man, it constitutes a mass of impression which finally affects even the more judicious and better-informed, and may become of weight in diplomatic action. Consequently, when impaired, it is worth the effort to restore it, and to bring it into conformity with material facts. These do not change either with the suddenness, or in the degree, to which mere moral effect is specially liable.

Qualifying the word and its idea with the remarks so far made, the prestige of the British Empire has assuredly suffered diminution from the South African war. Men in the street, and the hurried writers of the press, have received an impression of bafflement, or even of failure, in holding which they support one another. From the very outset prepossession stood ready upon the Continent, and among many of my fellow-citizens, not only to rejoice over British reverses, but to draw from them quick, disparaging conclusions, affecting prestige, by the easy process of forgetting fundamental conditions and dwell-

ing upon surface events. Precisely the same disposition was entertained towards the United States, a year before, at the beginning of our war with Spain, as I had opportunity to observe by the experience of dining in company with several diplomats in a European capital at the moment of the outbreak of hostilities. That the gratification of gloating over our defeats was confidently anticipated also is a matter of common notoriety. We were out of favor, and our prestige was naturally low. The fortunate event of our war having at least not lowered it further, there is no necessity to inquire how far the original estimate corresponded with the facts. Of one thing, however, we may be sure; that had temporary unsuccess attended us, the difficulties of our undertaking, by no means small to a dispassionate judgment, which formed the basis of unfavorable prediction, would not in the least have qualified unfavorable criticism. Prejudice is a two-edged sword, and cuts both ways. So it has been in South Africa. The evident military difficulties gave hostile sentiment the basis on which to build prophecies of disaster; and having served that purpose, when it comes to comment and inference, the difficulties no longer find place for consideration.

The military conditions before and during the war, and now existing in South Africa, are so much matters of present remembrance that it is unnecessary to enumerate them at large. What can profitably be done is to select from them those which constitute the distinctive characteristics, differentiating this from other struggles, and yet at the same time enabling it to be in some measure classified; for such features suggest resemblances as well as differences. The prominent facts, thus separated from less noteworthy surroundings, can then be brought to the test of criticism as to their positive influence

in the present case, and also to comparison with other historical experiences. Whatever may be the prestige, in the strict sense of the word, of the British Empire, at home or abroad, its real meed of praise or blame depends upon the way it has met, and is meeting, these distinctive conditions.

The characteristic elements of this war resulting from the permanent conditions, irrespective of the conduct of the present hostilities, and anterior to their beginning are (1) The remoteness of the British base of operations from the scene of fighting, contrasted with the nearness of the Boers; in other words, the length of the British lines of communication. (2) The nature and extent of the country over which operations had to be conducted. (3) The character of the hostile people; including therein the advantage which familiarity with a region and its conditions, especially when sparsely settled, undeveloped and consequently imperfectly known, always gives to inhabitants over invaders. All three particulars, indeed, fall under the general head of communications, which, on the strategic side at least, dominate war. The nature and extent of the country affect materially the maintenance of communications, their security and their rapidity. So also the native and acquired characteristics of the enemy act and react upon communications. If of extremely simple wants, capable of rapid movement, familiar with the country, surrounded by sympathizers, their own communications are relatively invulnerable, and to the same degree they are facilitated in attacking those of the invader. Roles are, in a measure, reversed; the offence is constantly on the defence for his communications, the defence on the offensive against them.

These factors, onerously adverse to Great Britain, were and are permanent. To them must be added a pres-

ent consideration, which existed from the beginning, but which it was then perhaps impossible to anticipate; namely, the difficulty under which the British Government would be placed in dealing with partially organized forces maintaining insurrection rather than war; with no organic social system behind them, and from that very lack, without vital centres, or social articulations, at which to strike; capable of indefinite subdivision and consequent elusiveness, due to the very low type of social and political cohesion which has from their beginnings been characteristic of the Boer peoples. When highly organized and complex, national vitality may be paralyzed without killing men; but where organization is defective, the same end cannot be quickly reached without a slaughter of individuals from which modern humanity rightfully revolts.

Here is the difficulty confronting the Empire since the end of the war proper. From the delay in solving it proceeds the present impairment of prestige which, granting the idea of delusion, inseparable from the word, is natural and to be expected. For many obvious reasons, the individual Boer, when caught, cannot be killed. Great Britain is limited to capture and exportation; processes indefinitely tedious, owing to the nature of the country and other causes before noticed, and further protracted by the necessity of diverting a huge fraction of the large available forces to the protection of the communications, from the seaboard to the seat of war, and thence throughout the extensive regions over which the desultory and elusive fighting may spread. This burden is even greater than during regular hostilities, both because the lines are more extensive, and because the evasive action of small bands now in the field is harder to counteract than the efforts of large masses, compelled by

their very size to consider their own communications.

The military operations of the war in South Africa may be divided into two principal and easily recognized stages. There is, first, that of regular hostilities which terminated not long after the fall of Pretoria; to which succeeded the existing conditions of what is commonly called guerilla warfare. In the former the British were confronted by large numbers, more or less organized, acting in masses, and representing a regular Government, which had its staff of officials and local habitat. In the present embarrassing situation, the permanent natural factors (the nature of the country, and the racial characteristics of the opponents, with their consequent individual tendencies of action) remain much the same; but the accidental temporary elements are changed. The forces are no longer organized, in the sense of having a common centre of action, or a regular gradation of even military authority; they no longer act in masses, but are scattered in small bodies, much of whose immunity depends upon their faculty of melting away and subsequently reuniting; and there is behind them no recognized and efficient civil government. On the civil side the Boer bands represent a past, not a present; the organic society and government no longer exist.

The conduct of the earlier stage of the war by the British, with its effect upon prestige, is first to be considered. Bearing in mind the respective distances of the antagonists from the seat of war, the outbreak of hostilities gave to the Boers the advantage, to the British the disadvantage, of a surprise. That this is so is seen by considering how the case would have stood had the British Islands been where Cape Colony is. That larger organized forces were not assembled in South Africa at an early date will be differently criti-

cized even by impartial observers. It may at least be observed that, if injurious to the prestige of the Government on the score of unwise delay, it cannot at the same time be attributed to eagerness for war. Also, however viewed, this is chargeable to political calculation, not to military inefficiency. But when war was at last resolved, it cannot, I think, be considered as less than admirable that over 165,000 men, with the vast mass of warlike equipment, were transferred 6,000 miles from the British Islands to South Africa in six months. Nor yet that, from the sea coast, the same huge numbers and equipment were carried by single track railroads a thousand miles inland, there maintained, and within eight months, not of their arrival in Africa, but of their earliest departure from England, had possession of the capitals of both their opponents, having driven them from position to position in a notoriously difficult country, devoid alike of natural and of artificial resources. The numbers of the British, doubtless, were fully adequate to this work. They were greatly superior to the Boers, but not, I think, to a degree much exceeding that which any prudent military man would estimate as absolutely necessary for such a task; considering, that is, the character and extent of the country, the length of the communications, and the general difficulties inherent in all invasions.

I fail, therefore, to see that the ultimate results up to the fall of Pretoria, and during the subsequent disintegration of the Boer forces under continued pressure, are so unsatisfactory as in any way to constitute a reason for that diminution of credit which we call loss of prestige. During the operations which thus terminated, that is, during the process that produces the results, there occurred numerous incidents; some attended by success, some by grave disaster. The latter chiefly re-

quire notice, for they are the food for criticism. The advance towards Kimberley was brought sharply to a standstill, the fact being marked by the slaughter at Magersfontein, which we may say ought not to have been. It was not, however, the particular repulse that constituted the check, but the want of numbers, which showed that the advance had been premature. Almost simultaneously came the defeat at Colenso, which postponed the relief of Ladysmith; and upon these two rebuffs followed the strain of national endurance through the two months of painful uncertainty as to whether the isolated British garrisons could hold out.

Now, I hold no brief to defend the advance on either line at the moment chosen. But I do feel very strongly that it is unreasonable to judge military operations carried on by representative governments on merely military grounds, leaving out of account the absolute necessity of convincing the people represented. The American General Grant certainly did not lack self-dependence or firmness, nor did his subordinate, Sherman, lack eminent military characteristics and acquirements; yet when Sherman remonstrated against the movement round Vicksburg, in 1863, on very sound military grounds of communications, Grant replied that to fall back to a new base for a secure line of communications would so dishearten the nation "that bases of supplies would be of no use; neither men to hold them nor supplies to be put in them would be furnished." The conclusion was perhaps extreme, but the remark has value. In countries where the voice of the people is mighty it cannot be disregarded, nor can the soldier so separate his military convictions from the popular sentiment as to neglect it wholly. To the utmost possible extent, he doubtless should act on strict military reason. Disastrous

as the determination appeared to be for a time, I have always applauded White's holding on to Ladysmith, nor have I been able greatly to condemn the risk taken in remaining at Dundee until the necessity of evacuation was not only seen but demonstrated. For the same reason I hesitate to criticize Methuen's advance to the Modder, though it was shown to be premature by the long delay necessary after Magersfontein.

In brief, therefore, while the attempts at advance may have been premature, militarily considered, they were almost unavoidable under the imperfectly understood difficulties of relieving Kimberley and Ladysmith. To hold advanced positions and to push advance, were inevitable, if only to demonstrate the difficulties and the need of more men, yet to see the effort of a great empire blocked by two small republics inevitably affected prestige. Failure until redeemed cannot but do so; but, in fact, there was no occasion for disheartenment had the circumstances been intelligently appreciated. I am not aware that in these main operations, up to the standstill in December, there was anything that impeached the general military character of the army. Mistakes in generalship I think there were. These affect the reputation of the general, but they should not that of the nation. Experience is universal that a very large percentage, probably a majority, of able men, men of high promise both in character and acquirement, break down in chief command. The South African war is not in this respect different from others. I know that in our Civil war we had bitter disappointments, and I believe that Dupont, who surrendered somewhat ignominiously at Baylen, in 1808, had stood very high in the esteem of Napoleon himself. Nevertheless, for lack of this correct appreciation, a merely personal defect is car-

ried to the losing balance of national prestige.

There were, however, in both advances incidents of a character which have since too often recurred not to reflect upon the reputation of the army. Passing over questions involving the Commander-in-Chief, as being too essentially personal to warrant general conclusions, the inference prompted by the battle of Colenso, by the deadly surprise at Magersfontein, and by many subsequent episodes, is unquestionably that of inadequacy, or of remissness in subordinate duties, which cannot be reconciled with reasonable requirements of efficiency. Taken singly, any one incident may be due to unexpected causes, or to some one person; but the impression produced—and in speaking of prestige I necessarily deal with impressions—by the numerous surprises, and some surrenders is that of a proportion of incompetency in the grades of subordinate officers too large to be creditably accounted for. I have even heard surrenders attributed to decay in the fighting quality of the race; than which imputation none can be more injurious to military prestige. This has appeared to me nothing short of absurd, in view of the abundance of good fighting that has been done; and we Americans, as a nation courageous and warlike, but not military, have had experience enough of panic in troops badly officered to dismiss peremptorily any such suggestion. For such discreditable episodes, however, the only one alternative solution is incompetent leadership; and when it is remembered that the leaders in these small affairs are the subordinates, and sometimes the principal subordinates, in large operations, the impression of dangerous unsoundness in the main body is deepened. In contemplating the question of their own acquirements, officers should remember that failure on their

part must thus react upon their troops, even to the accusation of cowardice. I confess that while I think the prevalent impression exaggerated, it does not seem to me unfounded. It errs by neglect to take due account of the mass of good work done; but that is always the case with such criticism, and the loss of prestige which it asserts is not without reason in fact, though immoderate in terms.

If this be so, the defect is precisely one that would be conspicuously felt when the war passed into its second stage, and on both sides took the form of wide dissemination in small bodies, which, however united in some general scheme, were locally self-dependent. This multiplication of small commands necessarily multiplies the chance of inefficiency betraying itself, and not improbably accounts for some mischances. On the other hand a constant sifting process goes on, and dearly bought experience will remedy this evil. I have no doubt that the efficiency of the force under Lord Kitchener is double now what it was a year ago, both by such process of elimination and by the increase of facility which constant practice bestows upon those previously well-equipped. There can scarcely be a corresponding gain to the Boers, who already possessed the particular local aptitudes which the British have had to acquire. Of this the makers of prestige have probably taken too little account.

Equally do they fail to take account of the grave difficulties which should qualify the surface impressions produced by the mere prolongation of the trouble. The British Army in South Africa during eighteen months, practically since the fall of Pretoria, has been engaged in a task analogous to that of which the United States Army during the past century has had large experience. Setting aside the savagery in the practices of North Ameri-

can Indians, the Boers have much in common with them, as combatants. To the adaptation of methods to environment which distinguishes both, as it does natives usually, they have further brought the brain capacity of the white man; and instead of the tribal tradition of the Indian, they have that of a known common history and of a national existence, which, although excessively loose and unorganized, furnishes a certain bond of cohesion. Concert of action and persistence are thereby attainable to a degree impossible to the Indians, ever prone to disintegration, and fickle with the fickleness of the savage. In scope of design and intelligence of direction there is also no comparison. Let it be added that in both cases the methods of fighting are not external habits, assumed like a change of garments, or superinduced as training upon a recruit, but the outgrowth of surrounding circumstances and everyday life; an evolution rather than a system, and marked therefore with a spontaneity, a facility, and a readiness not to be attained offhand by imitators. As well might a coat be expected to rival the skin in adapting itself to the form and movements of the body.

Forces of this character, acting within their usual environment, and unimpeded by considerations common to men of complex civilization, possess a power of injury and an elusiveness which are enormous, to be matched only by their powerlessness for good, and for self-initiated progress in the civil order. To meet the conditions in South Africa—which, though not unparalleled in kind are perhaps unprecedented in degree, because the brains of white men are utilizing the capacities and immunities of the savage—are needed both adequate methods, probably somewhat original in character, and also familiarity with the particular circumstances which

practice alone confers. In this also, and for this reason, Kitchener's command must be much more competent now than it possibly could be a twelve-month ago.

Some very bad blunders are doubtless chargeable against the management of British detachments in the early and more regular part of the war—blunders against which the training of the officers should have been sufficient prevention; but I cannot see that it is so greatly discreditable as the apparent loss of prestige would imply, that a final blow has not yet been dealt to the novel and irregular resistance now encountered. The task is one historically and proverbially difficult. I am not an expert in knowledge of our Indian wars; but I have greatly misunderstood what has been said and written if the most successful methods there applied have not been the joint product of practice and of that species of mental effort which corresponds to invention in industrial life—a happy thought occurring to an individual whose mind is absorbed in overcoming difficulties with which he has made a thorough experimental acquaintance. The history of those wars is not without its record of grave perplexities, of bafflement, or of occasional appalling disaster; and in the present case upon a fair balancing of achievement against difficulty, I should find ground for increase of hope rather than for diminution of prestige. The man in the street, I fear, judges differently, and his judgment is prestige.

Upon the whole, therefore, while I can see abundant room for criticism of detail, I do not, in the military record, find cause to warrant loss of prestige. The main defect of the average British officer—that he is not what the French call *instruit*, nor even disposed to become so—has been his trouble historically and always; and it is emphasized now by an enforcement of sys-

tematic training in continental armies, and by the United States in their military academy, with which neither in army nor navy are the British authorities inclined to comply. The successes of Great Britain in other times have been attained under this disadvantage. To meet difficulties as they arise, instead of by foresight; to learn by hard experience rather than by reflection or premeditation, is a national trait, just as is contempt for constitutions, which are made instead of evolved. Personally, if I must choose, I prefer the knowledge given by experience, the acquirements of growth to those of formulated instruction; but I see no reason why one should exclude the other to the injury of both. The British officer might possess more knowledge, more reading, more grasp of precedent and principle without injuring his adaptability. The student's lamp has its part as well as the football field or the cricket ground in equipping an officer.

So much for contemplating the reasonable influence upon military prestige of what has so far occurred and now exists in South African conditions. Upon the broader question of present prestige of the Empire I cannot enlarge, and will limit myself to a brief enumeration of existing factors as they appear to me, and of the consequent real status of the Empire among the Powers of the world.

First among symptoms is one which, to my mind, gives immeasurable assurance of national power—the sure guarantee of prestige—and that is the progress towards unanimity in the nation, centring round the idea of Imperialism, and finding an immediate impetus in the South African problem. Whatever the faults of a Government, or the failings of an army, a unanimous and sustained national spirit is the vital force, of which prestige is at best but the outward sign and faint reflection. The

increase of unanimity throughout the Empire is witnessed both by the movement of the Colonies and by the rejection of the disintegrating tendency in the Liberal party by its younger and abler members, to whom the future belongs. Imperialism has shown itself an idea capable of quickening national self-consciousness, of bestowing strength of purpose, and of receiving indefinite expansion.

Again, the sea-power of the Empire still stands pre-eminent. I do not here consider the accuracy of the many allegations made, of failure on the part of the Government to maintain necessary progress. Even if these be true, no irreparable harm has yet been done. The Imperial movement of the Colonies, in contributing to the war, is greatly contributive to sea-power. By strengthening the Imperial tie, it gives assurance of local support in many seas—the bases—which sea-power requires; while the military effort, and the experience gained by the colonial troops engaged, render the defence and security of these local bases much more solid than ever before, because dependent upon men experienced in warfare. The foundations are surer.

Again, closely connected with this last consideration is the inevitable superior efficiency of the army at large, Imperial as well as colonial, consequent on this protracted experience of war. I made this remark twenty months ago to an American audience, which I believed to be impressed with the idea of lost prestige, and forgetful of this prolonged warlike practice, obvious as its effect upon efficiency should be. The comment rests now on an even wider and firmer basis than when first uttered. The British army, including colonial contingents, is to-day, to the number of over 200,000 men, a vastly more useful instrument than it could have been two years ago; and this gain will last for at least a decade, as a

matter of international calculation, just as the disbanded but tempered forces of the United States remained after the Civil war.

The Confederation of the Empire, whatever shape that may ultimately, if ever, attain, has doubtless been furthered, not hindered, by the war. Community of sentiment and community of action have both been fostered. I would not speak with exaggeration, nor overlook the immense difficulties in maintaining community of interest and of aim between political entities so widely scattered as the component parts of the Empire. The work is one of time, tact and labor. I say only that the war has furthered it, and most justly; for from the point of view of the British Islands alone—the Imperial idea apart—the war, so far from being selfish, has been self-sacrificing. It is the Empire, not the Mother Country, that is most interested in this comparatively ex-centric and remote dependency.

In development of power, both local and general, therefore, I believe the war to have strengthened materially the British Empire, and I believe it has likewise given renewed and increased force to the spirit of union, of concentration upon great ideals, without which material strength runs to waste. As an immediate result, I look for the establishment of a group of South African communities in which the English tradition of law and liberty will henceforth prevail, partly by force of conquest, partly because of its inherent fitness to survive. Of this eminent inherent fitness the United States of America gives the most signal illustration, because, though so heterogeneous in the composition of its population, the English tongue and the English tradition overbear all competitors, reconcile in themselves all rivalries, and sustain themselves in directive control;

modified, doubtless, but not weakened, by the variety of foreign influences to which they are subjected.

With these obvious gains—development of Imperial purpose, strengthening of Imperial ties, broadening and confirming the bases of sea-power, increase of military efficiency, demonstrated capacity to send and to sustain 200,000 men on active service, for two years, 6,000 miles from home—I do not believe the international prestige of Great Britain has sunk in foreign Cabinets, however it may be reckoned in the streets and cafés of foreign cities. Against this, in order to support a charge of loss of prestige, is set the weary prolongation of the war. Men need not deceive themselves; there is here no even balance. The gain outweighs the loss. I unfeignedly wish that the war, with its sorrows and suspense, might end; but it remains true, sad though the argument is, that the more completely the Boer exhausts himself now, the more convinced and the more final will his submission necessarily be. I trust, however, when that time comes, the Boer leaders and the Boer language will receive no recognition save banishment, in the official organs of the Empire. A foreign tongue in parliaments and courts of law is a disintegrating influence, which perpetuates race rivalry in its worst form. There is no single social or political environment so powerful as that of a common tongue.

I have not thought it incumbent upon me, or even becoming, to enter into discussion of the vexed question concerning the management of the later stage of the war by the Home Government. The conduct of a particular government, like that of a particular general, gives no assured indication of national worth, unless its efficiency or inefficiency proceeds, clearly and inevitably, from causes intrinsically na-

tional; as from a close division in national sentiment, or failure in material resources. There is no sign of such division or such failure at the present time; rather the contrary. Whatever the fault or merit of the present Government, challenged as I know it to be by many of its own followers as well as by the Opposition, the point considered in this paper is not the deserts of a group of individuals, but the real power of the nation, on which its prestige should depend. It will be retorted that this begs the question, that the nation cannot put forth its power without the necessary and adequate instrument which a Government is intended to supply, and which, it is urged, this Government does not. The argument, I think, is exaggerated. Governments may do more or less; they may impede or facilitate; but they cannot prevent the exertion of the national will. That they have not done so in this instance is assured—to me—by the very recent assertion, resting on the venerated authority of Lord Roberts, that "Lord Kitchener, in whom we all have implicit confidence, has never made one single demand for men, for horses, or for stores, that has not been immediately complied with." This result is quite compatible with much error, delay and extravagance; but nevertheless it is the main point secured. The nation does well to be watchful and exacting, for in the wretched plight to which the regular Party Opposition is reduced, voluntary organization or individual criticism must supply the corrective of supervision, without which officials never, and private individuals rarely, do their best; but when Lord Roberts can say what he has it is clear that much has been done, even though the most may not have been. Loss of prestige, worth considering, will come when the nation loses heart.

OLD MR. JELlicOE'S PLAN.

BY W. E. CULE.

I.

When old Harvey Jellicoe found that his days were numbered, he spent much time in deep and bitter meditation. Thereafter he consulted not his clergyman, but his solicitor, and certain inquiries were set on foot. As a result of these inquiries the solicitor presently sent a brief letter to an obscure person in the north.

This letter was delivered in due course, at the office of Messrs. Benning & Sturge, also solicitors, of Ban-caster, and perhaps the most respectable firm in that town. It was taken out of the letter-box by a heedless office-boy, and laid with a number of others upon the table in the principals' room. Shortly afterwards the junior partner came in, and sat down to examine the morning's correspondence. In a few moments he reached the letter which had been written at Harvey Jellicoe's request, and which was a very ordinary-looking letter indeed. He first observed the address, which the office-boy had failed to do, and then turned the envelope over to examine the seal upon the flap. He considered this for a while, and frowned slightly; directly afterwards he touched the bell upon his table and asked that Mr. Forster should be sent in.

Mr. Forster came with a promptness which every one displayed before Mr. Sturge. He was the firm's managing clerk, and had held that position for some four or five years. His age was about thirty-five, a point at which some men are young and others are old; and this man belonged to the latter class. His appearance was ordinary, his features plain and colorless, his manner

subdued; and he was distinctly a person with no particular prospects before him and no interesting history behind.

The appearance of the letter had reminded Mr. Sturge of another matter, and he was curious. When Mr. Sturge was curious with regard to his subordinates, he always went straight to the question without any foolish delicacy.

"Good morning," he said briskly. "Here is a letter for you."

The surprise of the managing clerk was quite natural and unassumed. "By the way," continued Mr. Sturge, "are you thinking of leaving us, Mr. Forster?"

"Leaving you?" said Forster, with increased surprise. "No, sir, I haven't thought of such a thing."

The junior partner smiled. "I am glad to hear it," he said, in a tone which was not at all expressive of gladness. "It was that letter that brought the matter to my mind. Last night Mr. Benning told me that some one had been making inquiries about you—inquiries as to your character and so on—and I supposed—"

He watched the clerk's face carefully as he spoke, but without appearing to watch. Mr. Sturge had a good opinion of his own penetration, and was accustomed to boast that this faculty never failed him. It told him now that his clerk's surprise was once more a genuine emotion. The man had not been situation-hunting.

"Inquiries? About my character? I know nothing about them, sir."

"Ah!" said Mr. Sturge carelessly, "perhaps it was nothing in particular. It occurred to me that your services might be in request elsewhere. In any case, Mr. Benning gave the inquirers

a very good account of you. He could say that you were an honest man, at least, Mr. Forster."

It amused the junior partner to see that the managing clerk flushed deeply at the last words—more deeply than seemed at all needful. This, however, was not the first time that Forster's idiosyncrasy had given him amusement and he dismissed the subject with a quick and characteristic movement of the hand.

"Now why did I send for you? Oh, you know that lease of Fawcett's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Benning wishes to see it. If you will have it ready by half-past four, Miss Benning will call. She will be in town, I understand."

"Very well, sir," answered Forster quietly.

Then the interview was evidently over, for the junior partner returned to his letters. The managing clerk would have liked to ask a question or two with regard to the first part of their conversation; but who could return to a subject which Mr. Sturge had dismissed? After a momentary hesitation he went out.

Mr. Sturge, sorting his correspondence, smiled again. "Honest," he said to himself. "Honest enough! He's so confoundedly honest that he is quite out of date. Why, I believe he couldn't even lie to the income-tax people. He suits us very well; but I can't imagine other people crying for him. He has evidently no thought of going, either. As for the inquiries—"

Well, the inquiries were probably nothing, after all, and the firm would have no need to look out for a successor to Andrew Forster. Then the letter—

"Then the letter," mused Mr. Sturge, "from Lowden of Westhampton—a very good name, Lowden's. But probably the fellow has a friend in that office—one who uses business envelopes for private correspondence. It's

a case of much ado about nothing."

With that conclusion the junior partner dismissed the matter from his thoughts; but in an adjoining room the managing clerk was opening the mislaid which had brought that curious interview about. He had not shown any haste to open it. Any interview with Mr. Sturge was in some respects an ordeal for him, the man was so self-assured and patronizing. This interview especially had been a surprise, and the letter was only a part of that surprise. Who had been making inquiries about him, and why had the junior partner made that particular remark about his honesty? And the suggestion that he might leave the firm was in itself of the nature of a shock.

Then, trying to arrange his thoughts, he took up the letter and glanced at the post-mark, only to receive another shock. Mr. Sturge's reference to honesty had made him think of the Ogre, and here was the name Westhampton, where that very Ogre lived. He was puzzled, and turned the envelope over. Upon the back he found a common business seal, bearing the name of Walter Lowden, solicitor, Westhampton.

There was no name of better repute upon the Rolls; but it told him little. Thus it was entirely without reasonable cause that he felt a sudden thrill of excitement. Almost as soon as he had felt it he saw how unreasonable it was, and tore the envelope open with impatience. But when he had read the summons within his excitement returned and remained. Harvey Jellicoe's solicitor wrote:

"Dear Sir,—I regret to inform you that your uncle, Mr. Harvey Jellicoe of Castle Haynby, is in a very serious state of health. He has expressed a wish to see you, and has ordered me to communicate with you to that effect.

If you will let me know the earliest date you can come down, I shall be pleased to make the necessary arrangements with my client.—Yours faithfully,

"Walter Lowden."

That was all; but it was an amazing all. Being a very ordinary man, Forster was moved just as any other man would have been. His heart seemed to give a bound, and his pulses began to throb tumultuously. The unexpected had happened; the Ogre had spoken!

For a time he was lost in emotion and amazement. The Ogre had spoken, and his voice had changed all aspects. It had changed the managing clerk, too, for with a flush upon his face, and the light of excitement in his eyes, he looked much less commonplace than usual. It was a case of taking a colorless face and giving it color and expression and life; and when he began to consider the summons he saw no reason for putting aside the vision which had so suddenly come to him.

"I regret to inform you that your uncle . . . is in a very serious state of health." Such phrasing was full of tremendous possibilities. "Your uncle"—this could only mean that the Ogre had remembered his obscure relative at last, and was disposed to consider the relationship. He was "in a very serious state of health"—perhaps that was the cause of his remembrance; perhaps the approach of an inevitable end had softened his heart and modified his bitterness. He had expressed a wish to see Andrew Forster, the son of Paul Forster; that indicated a great change of feeling indeed; and he wished to see him as soon as possible. What more could have been said?

So Forster mused, reading that plain and business-like communication into something very rosy and wonderful. He found it impossible to work; and

the dusty, sordid little room in which he sat had become intolerable. Leases, conveyances and County Court quarrels—they were all absurd! Absurd, too, was the junior partner, whose voice could be heard from the next room, harsh and distinct. Mr. Sturge, big, self-satisfied and overbearing, had hitherto been a trouble to his managing clerk's existence, an ogre of another type. Now his terrors had faded, and the sound of his voice produced nothing but impatience. Here was a change indeed!

As to their recent interview, and the references to honesty, it was now fully explained. The inquiries spoken of had been made by Harvey Jellicoe's wish, and the present letter was a result of them. No doubt the old man had made a point of inquiring as to his nephew's honesty, remembering with bitterness his father's story; and the answer must have satisfied him. In that Mr. Sturge had been quite correct. The managing clerk would be able to look the Ogre in the face as far as that was concerned, for he had kept his record scrupulously clean.

So Forster pondered and hoped through that restless morning, finding work painful and his surroundings wretched. At noon he walked to his rooms for luncheon as he had never walked before, with the letter safely buttoned in his breast-pocket, to be read and re-read at the table. Then he returned to pass the remaining hours of the working day as best he might. But for the fact that Miss Renning was to call he would have found the task impossible.

She was the only part of his present environment that seemed to be at all in harmony with his new visions. Had Mr. Sturge only known it, there was not the least danger of the managing clerk's disappearance from that dusty little office, for he was bound to it by a tie which was stronger than any

consideration of work or position. Some three years ago Mary Benning had walked into that office one day with the senior partner, now a chronic invalid, though still the head of the firm; and her mere presence had transformed it.

She had come several times since with a similar effect, and had gradually become the one thing which had made it inhabitable. She was coming again to-day; but this time everything was different. To-day, perhaps, he would be able to speak to her without any of that absurd embarrassment which he had felt on other occasions. Why, with that letter in his possession, he had become possessed of prospects—prospects, hopes, expectations! Yes, to-day, surely, he would have no reason to be afraid, and to stammer. More than that—

"More than that," he thought; "to-day—to-day I may be able to ask her a question—that one question!"

He repeated the words with strengthening resolve. Then he began to form the question, selecting the words with a care which drove the amazing letter for a while into the background; and when he had formed his question to his own satisfaction it was almost time to ask it. He had wished to ask it for a very long time.

It was four o'clock. Mr. Sturge had gone, and the day was waning. Miss Benning would call at about half-past four o'clock, on her way home from shopping. The managing clerk repeated the phrases of his question, and rehearsed the other portions of the probable conversation, brushed his hair down smoothly—it was smooth enough, however, at all times—and arranged the papers which lay disorderly about the room. He cleared the best chair and placed it in a suitable position. Then he was obliged to wait a little longer.

But at last the time came. "Miss

Benning, Mr. Forster," said the junior clerk, after a tap at the door.

"Ask her to come in. Then get those Fawcett papers—will you?—and make them into a neat parcel for her."

The clerk vanished, and Miss Benning came into the room. A moment later she was sitting in the chair which had been prepared for her.

To a certain extent the managing clerk and the senior partner's daughter were on friendly terms. It was generally understood that Forster was a gentleman, and that was a great deal. Miss Benning herself had come to that conclusion long ago, and had always acted upon it.

"The papers will be ready in a few minutes," said Forster, with all his accustomed nervousness—"if you can wait."

Miss Benning said that she could wait, and wondered what had happened to the managing clerk. There was an animation in his face and manner which was as unusual as it was pleasing. She watched him while they spoke of the weather and of her father's illness, and felt sure that something had occurred. Or, perhaps, something was about to occur!

Forster tried to nerve himself to ask his question. There was nothing terrible in the woman before him; but it was a difficult matter nevertheless. As Mr. Sturge's greatness had faded before the letter, so did the magic of the letter vanish before this other power. Yet Mary Benning was only a neatly-dressed woman of thirty, with a face which no one cared to call more than pleasing.

"By the way," he began, with a sudden effort; and then he paused.

"Yes, Mr. Forster," said Miss Benning carelessly.

By the way," said the managing clerk, fitting a new pen into the penholder he was handling—"by the way, I heard of a rather curious case lately.

Do you think that we should judge a man—that is to say, do you think—” He paused again, helplessly.

Miss Benning felt sure now that something was about to occur. His agitation communicated itself to her, but she did not betray it.

“Would you,” he said, plunging desperately—“would you think any the worse of a man because his father had been a—well, say a scoundrel?”

He felt that he had betrayed himself; but his listener's calmness reassured him. Miss Benning considered, and considered more than the question he had asked. She could think quickly.

“A great deal would depend upon circumstances,” she answered presently. “Don't you think so? I should think it very unjust to judge a man by any other man's faults generally.”

“Then you would not think any less of a man because he was the son of a—rogue?”

Miss Benning hesitated, not because she felt doubtful as to what her answer should be, but because she wished to make it very plain. Men were so dull, and this particular man was unusually dull. Otherwise the question would never have troubled him.

“No,” she said; “certainly not. If I trusted a man personally, I should never think of his father at all.”

Forster drew back, hardly knowing what to say next. His relief was great, his triumph evident.

“So that is his worry,” thought Miss Benning impatiently. “The stupid fellow! He really is very dull. His father, indeed! A man who thinks too

little of himself is as bad as one who thinks too much!”

The silence was embarrassing for a few moments. Then the managing clerk recovered himself, and began to explain that he had only asked the question because it had been suggested to him by a case which had come under his notice. And he had not reached the end of his labored but utterly needless explanation when the clerk tapped at the door again, and entered with the Fawcett papers.

There was nothing to be said after that, and Miss Benning left. She said “Good evening” to the managing clerk, and smiled at the others as she passed through the outer office. There were two younger sisters in the Benning family, both of them exceedingly attractive. Mary Benning, on the other hand, was only pleasing, and, besides, she was thirty; but all those young men acknowledged that it was good to see her smile. Neither of her sisters could smile in just that way.

When she had gone Andrew Forster took out his letter once more and considered it further. Everything seemed suddenly so full of hope, so glorious with promise, that he was unable to realize it; but he knew that one important question had been answered. The rest would depend upon that letter or rather upon the man who had inspired it. So he sat down and wrote a reply to Walter Lowden, solicitor. It was a brief note, yet it took an hour in the writing, and was anything but satisfactory even then. He said that he would run down to Westhampton on the next day but one.

OTHER PEOPLE'S FRIENDS.

"You will be so lonely by yourself. Is there no one you could get to live with you? Your cousin, Mrs. Tompkins, for instance! She always struck me as being such a nice woman!"

"Oh, yes, so she is! And, as far as *she* is concerned, I should like it very much. But then there are her friends! They seem to me such dull people, and, as we should have to share the drawing-room, there would be no getting out of their way."

Dialogues such as this must take place by dozens every day, when by reason of a husband's death or an only daughter's marriage, a woman has to begin life again just at the age when beginning is most difficult. She is too young, especially in these days of prolonged youth (when "fifty is the fashionable age," as in Goldsmith's comedy), to be willing to occupy a place on the shelf with a companion to read aloud to her; and she is too old to enjoy the process of striking fresh roots and making interests for herself, instead of taking, as hitherto, those that were to her hand. And, indeed, the task of "making interests" so often recommended to the lonely or the childless, is but a poor thing at best, and in general it is only well-meaning and rather colorless people who try it with success; they can take up even conchology with a will. When a woman is in her normal state of mind and body, interests, to be of any permanent use, must spring up unconsciously and from within. They must be the glow of the blood coursing through the veins, not paint laid on to simulate it. Material cosmetics may deceive members of the opposite sex; at least, this is the faith of the women who employ them. But intellectual cosmetics, feigned in-

terests, whether they take in the world or not, leave an aching void in the heart of the woman who, with "nobody to love," tries to concern herself about the stellar bodies, or germs, or cells, or dicotyledons, or gardening, or politics, or the fine arts, or philanthropy.

"Have you any children?" one member of a charitable committee asked another in a voice trembling with what the lady questioned took to be deep sympathy.

"No, none," was the answer.

"Oh, *then*," exclaimed the first lady, "I may ask you to do some work for us;" and her tone conveyed unmistakably that it would be a charity to find the poor unoccupied creature something to do. Of course, it is undeniable that in spite of the drawback of friends' friends, the experiment of two ladies living together has been tried again and again with perfect success. The most notable example is perhaps that of the Ladies of Llangollen; but then it must be remembered that they were wise enough to plant themselves in a remote place, where the former friends of either could not be perpetually dropping in, and their visitors were almost without exception fashionably busy people who turned out of their road to inspect these famous female curiosities. Also—and this goes for much in such a *ménage*—Lady Eleanor Butler was twenty years older than Miss Ponsonby, and must have considered her a child! The moment the relationship ceases to be the affection and intimacy of two *equals*, and is that of teacher and disciple, the situation becomes possible. There will never be any fear of the friends of one of the partners growing wearisome to the other member of the firm. The strong-

er-minded lady will gradually insinuate some of her own views into the head of her companion, who will shortly discover for herself, as she thinks, that her former acquaintances, whom she deemed so amusing, have sadly gone off, or, in the light of less frequent intercourse, have proved themselves silly and vulgar.

Now, in the slipshod parlance of the day, the word "friend" is made to cover as large a ground in the matter of degrees of acquaintanceship as the word "clever" does in dealing with intellectual things, or "pretty" in those of external comeliness. Shakespeare was "a clayver man," and so is the authoress of the last daring novel that ought to "take the benefit of the Act"—Lord Campbell's Act. There are no degrees. The vocabulary of the peasant is estimated at about three hundred words; is that of the ordinary member of society so very much more copious? From pure laziness he, and still worse, she, forces one word to do the duty of many, and consequently fails to convey any definite meaning, though, to be sure, her thoughts are probably as hazy as her expressions. A "friend," in these days, merely denotes a person who crosses our path more frequently than somebody else. If chance removes her—let us use the feminine pronoun, as we are dealing chiefly with women—if chance removes her from our immediate neighborhood, her absence leaves no blank, as her presence conveys no special joy, and the relationship is one that involves no duty. Why should it? The "friend" is simply an accident in our existence, and rarely attains even to the dignity of an "episode." "There are a thousand such as she," why waste a thought on the hours we passed in each other's society, drifted together like two leaves floating down the same stream? Even every-day associations, such as ancient paddlings in the burn, community of interests or

perils, do not necessarily change comrades into friends, for friendship is the recognition in another soul of a fundamental likeness to our own, though the forms of expression taken by each may be totally dissimilar. But there is another way in which the word "friendship" may be misused, besides confounding it with mere acquaintanceship. It is when an element of *engouement*, or infatuation, comes in, and the nicely adjusted balance is upset. The thing is no longer "The Same," as people are fond of saying about their past flirtations, and complications are apt to ensue.

The writer does not feel certain as to how far, if at all, this element of infatuation is wont to disturb the settled friendships of men, grown-up men. If Jones and Brown have been good steady friends, perhaps since school or college days, is either of them likely to begin to be crazed about a new acquaintance, Smith? Does Jones like Smith in season, and (far more frequently) out of season? Does he brag about Smith's beauty, taste in dress, adroitness at billiards, social accomplishments, and other charms of person, manner and intellect? Is Brown obliged either to cultivate Smith with passionate attention, or to smile and smile as he listens to Jones's praises of Smith, or frankly to make up his mind that Jones is a bore about Smith, and say so, taking the consequences? Probably these things do not mar the friendship of men. They desolate the friendships of women.

Let us take an instance. Miss A. and Miss B. have been friends from youth, like Helena and Hermia, and their friendship has been on equal terms. They have spoken freely to each other about many things (especially about other women); they have *not* taken each other's advice, yet have never quarrelled; they have differed amicably in matters of taste and even of con-

duct; and if they have both made some confidences, there has far more often lain between them the confidence implied by silence. For years at a time they have not seen each other, for months they have not written, yet the first five minutes of their meeting finds them talking as if they had parted yesterday. There are no outworks in the shape of conversations about voyages and hotels to be carried before the citadel of intimacy is reached. In an instant the separation is bridged over; indeed, they are not conscious that a bridge was there at all.

To many, perfect friendship cannot exist without the free use of Christian names. The little word "Miss" freezes their souls and keeps them all their lives hovering on the edge of formality. To them there is everything "in a name"—a Christian name—and till Miss Jenkins and Miss Thompson become "Polly" and "Molly" their acquaintances feel that they are only dwellers in the outer courts, and have no foothold in the inner shrine.

A. has, however, had none of these moments of emotion in regard to B. Circumstances made it natural from the first that they should dispense with formalities, therefore they had no sense of the hours of palpitations which often environ this cementing of a friendship. Thus they floated placidly on, till suddenly, in a Swiss hotel, on a voyage, or at a country house, C. appears on the scene. Sometimes the attraction is instant and mutual—

Where both deliberate the love is slight.

Whoever loved, that loved not at first sight?

said Marlowe, and the feeling in the breasts of both ladies is in many points more akin to poetic love than to mere prosy friendship. Sometimes, again, it is the "desire of the moth for the star,"

and the moth is at once so humble and so persistent and so very, very flattering, that the star lets itself down within touching distance. With a large proportion of mankind we know that love begets love; but in a "friendship" of this sort there is no equality, but always "l'une qui aime, et l'autre qui se laisse aimer." Henceforth C. not only adopts all the opinions and rules of conduct which govern B., but has been known to develop a genuine taste for arts or diversions that have been hitherto repugnant to her. To the amazement of her acquaintances, C.'s house becomes the resort of travelling dramatic companies because B. loves the stage, and her drawing-room is littered with chips of wood, because B. is a skilful carver.

In return for all this, B., who has at first been passive in the matter, gradually becomes active, even to a state of eruption. Nothing less than universal homage is demanded for C., and is especially demanded from A. "No critics pass this way" is writ large over her person. In the interests of C., B.'s most cherished convictions are stretched on the Bed of Procrustes and lopped down to the required size. Sooner than admit that C.'s explanation of "Sordello" is not the true one, or that her high notes are not always in tune, B. will "have words" with A. And, more, B. will never rest till C.'s views of that great poem—and many others—are imparted freely to all B.'s acquaintances, who are also bidden to hear how "in delicacy of rendering and expression" C. infinitely surpasses the most famous soprano of the day. And it is not only on her "special subjects" but on endless others that C.'s perfections are dangled before the eyes of B.'s neighbors, as B.'s are to C.'s. In each case every road leads to Rome, whatever the efforts employed by the listener to journey towards some other city. Safety is only to be attained

through flight, and fly accordingly the visitor does, thinking with sympathy of the humble voter with a certain oyster-shell long centuries ago.

And what is A.'s attitude all this time towards B. and C.? What is the correct behavior for a woman when her friend becomes absorbed in somebody else? Well, she can take it in two ways. She can assume the *manière noble*, which is rare and exhausting, or the *manière à la bonne femme*, which is easier to keep up and is as old as the newly-discovered Neolithic man. The *manière noble* requires a great effort to begin with and a greater effort to go on with; and it would not be advisable for any woman to take up the attitude publicly, who is not possessed of a considerable amount of generosity of soul. To avoid criticising even to herself the conduct of B. in the matter, A.'s only resource is to believe, or to try to believe, that B. has been amply justified by the precious nature of the object which has taken the first place in B.'s life. "Oh, a most charming woman!" cries A., wherever C. is casually mentioned, or "How beautiful C. looked last night in that divine dress of pink and scarlet, picked out with mauve! How clearly she summed up the Irish question, and how marvelously she put in a nutshell the Church's case against divorce!" Enthusiasm such as this is always wearing, and cannot be kept at such a pitch for long; but, though a little absurd to onlookers, it is the genuine effort of an honest soul, and even from a worldly point of view answers its purpose. It tides over an awkward moment, and by the time people have finished speculating "How A. will take it," a fresh interest absorbs them, and A.'s enthusiasm cools down into comparative calm.

The *manière à la bonne femme* is, alas! the more common way of meeting such situations. It consists in the aggrieved

party, A., becoming jealous and displaying her feelings, so that he who races in a motor-car may read them. Her flouts and sneers only expose her to contempt, and her remarks in regard to C. soon reach the ears of B. B. will probably, if she is fond of A., first try explanation and expostulation; but this is a mistake. "Never explain and never apologize," once said a pillar of the Church; and, indeed, what is there left for B. to say?

I could not love thee, Kate, so much,
Loved I not Mary more,

would hardly be soothing; and, after all, our affections are not things to apologize for, and no one has the smallest right to interfere with them. All that A. can justly demand is that old claims should be carefully kept apart from new ones, and that the two should never be suffered to clash.

In reality, the key to the whole position rests with C. and depends on her tact and sense. It is hardly likely that this is her first excursion into the *Pays du Tendre*, and if she is capable of learning from experience—so few people are—she may contrive to put everything on a common-place footing until all three shake down comfortably.

If, however, A. has introduced C. to B., the problem instantly grows more difficult of solution. Besides the feeling, of which A. will soon become acutely conscious, that she has ministered to her own undoing, understanding, as she never did before, the meaning of the saying, "Two's company, but three's trumpery," she will be constantly irritated by little pin-pricks delivered by C., unless she is a miracle of tact. A. will have to receive with unmoved countenance information from C. as to how B. brings up her children, the color of her curtains, or her favorite poet. She will be told, with all the importance of one who has lately ac-

quired a piece of interesting news, about some adventure in which she herself had shared in the dim, dark ages, or a fact in B.'s life will be imparted confidentially by C. with which A. had long been silently familiar. Even when no *amitié de cœur* is at stake it is always a little trying for someone else to assume an air of proprietorship in our old friends and to resent our familiar criticism of them.

Nothing, of course, can be more ill-bred, as well as more unkind, than to make disparaging and uncalled-for remarks on the friends of other people; but there are many who will not scruple to do this, while holding their own friends as invulnerable as Achilles or Siegfried, not even allowing a spot on the heel or one upon the shoulder for mortal darts to pierce. For men and women who are so sensitive there is only one golden rule to guide them, unless they wish their other friends and acquaintances to live in a state of perpetual *gêne* in their company. The few, the happy few, whom it is rank blasphemy to criticize, should never be mentioned at all except where matters of fact are concerned. Their merits and exploits should be passed by in silence, if nothing but the most favorable comment can be accepted. Otherwise the listener is either driven to tell a lie—and it shows a lack of breeding to put people in such corners—or else to feel as if she and not her questioner is to blame. He, or more generally she, never suspects that she has no right to say, "Didn't you think that was a very clever retort of Jane's?" unless she can hear with equanimity the reply, "Well, no, it struck me as rather pert and not very much to the point." These amiable partisans never see what barricades to freedom of intercourse they are erecting when their companion is always saying to herself, "Oh, I do hope she won't allude to the Venezuelan Prime Minister, or to Li Hung

Chang, or to the war in the Philippines, for I shall have to say things that I know she won't agree with."

It is curious how frequently those who are most critical themselves are the least willing to admit criticism on the part of others. They do not recognize the fact that the existence of criticism is only justified by the freedom of its exercise by all alike. "No, I can never like F.," G. will exclaim heartily; but she is conscious of a thrill of mortification when H. rejoins (which she has no business to do), "Well, F. doesn't like you any better than you like her." But why should F. care? Why should any of us expect to be cherished by the whole world? G., if the question was put to her, would probably deny any such expectation, though deep down in her heart she is probably well aware that it is true. Yet there are several people among our acquaintance whose appreciation some of us would consider as anything but a feather in our caps. In friendship, as in business, unless there is give and take in equal measure on both sides, the basis is unsound.

Another instance of want of tact shown even by those who are most truly helpful and sympathetic to us is the inclination to force one person into the groove of another. Mary complains that she finds it very difficult to make a picnic go off as it should. The person who was to have brought the beef-steak pies has burst into raspberry tarts; wagonettes instead of brakes have been sent by the livery stable; the wrong people have got mixed up and look bored to death before they have passed the first milestone; and as they ascribe what has really been the stroke of fate, to malice on the part of their Elective Affinities, they remain unapproachable and unappeasable for the rest of the day. Mary confides these woes to Caroline, and receives sympathy without stint. "But, my dear, you

should take a lesson from Clara" (with whom Mary has only a bowing acquaintance). "She has a perfect genius for managing picnics; no matter how incongruous her elements are, they invariably shake down and are on familiar terms before the day is out." Poor Mary sighs, willing to acknowledge her own defects, yet feeling she would rather never have another picnic as long as she lives than ask advice from the gifted Clara.

These are the people who quite unconsciously depress their companions. Their friends seem such splendid superior creatures. Everyone is an Abdiel or a Shakespeare, and your own poor little Cincinnatus or Wootton is thrown quite into the shade. Yet you feel that if your Johnsons had such Boswells, their deeds and their words might have been found worthy of the illustrious company who are thought to tower so far above them. But Boswells are few, and village Hampdens are many.

Apart from real friends, it is curious to note our attitude towards other people's acquaintances. If some kind hostess takes us to an "At Home" at a house of which we know nothing, and where the guests are likely to be absolute strangers to us, when we first enter the room they seem to have no more individuality than a flock of sheep, and convey as little to our minds as the jumble of sounds in an unknown language. They appear frumpish, vacant, dismal, and a thousand other undesirable things. Their talk sounds tiresome and commonplace, though it may be quite as intellectual as what we listen to habitually; their dress is "odd," or dowdy, their manners pompous or brusque. But let us once attach a meaning and association to any of their names, let even the name of the hostess be a guarantee of some sort of distinction on the part of the guests, and, quite unconsciously to ourselves, the crowd which fills the rooms and barri-

cares the staircase will assume a very different aspect. And if we are introduced to any of its members, and not buffeted about so that conversation is impossible, the difference will be greater still. We turn our eyes eagerly round, for every man may be the distinguished statesman of whom we have heard so often, every woman the celebrated authoress or singer whose fame has been dinned into our ears till they were well nigh deafened. The remarks which sounded so gushing or so fatuous when addressed to others, are only pleasantly sympathetic when we are the object of them; the stout lady in yellow satin whom we have contemplated from afar with the superiority which fat people invariably inspire in thin ones, becomes invested with interest when we learn that she is the godmother of our favorite niece; the "dowdy" woman becomes "distinguished," the "pompous" man, full of old-world courtesy. Even the one familiar face among the undergraduates at a University sermon, or in a train of school girls, seems to us less plain than the rest, only because to us it has individuality!

It is humiliating to reflect how fast we are tied and bound in the chains of our associations and of our prejudices; for what is all this but prejudice, and inability to judge things on their own ground, leaving ourselves out of the question? How many people are there who resent a wrong done and decline the acquaintance of the doer, when it does not affect either them or their friends or society at large, simply because the man or the woman who is capable of such conduct is not a person they wish to know? Of all the graces we desire to attain to, impartiality or leaving ourselves out of the question is the most difficult; but nowhere is its attainment so difficult or its exercise so hard as in the case of our friends' friends. "Save me from

my friends," said a person not infrequently quoted. In spite of the unimpeachable moral reflections with which we close—reflections in the manner of

Longman's Magazine.

the gifted Maria Edgeworth—our heart, unconvinced, still murmurs, "Save us from our friends' friends."

E. H. Taylor.

THE MOTIVE OF TRAGEDY.

It is the business of the critic to cut through literary or social overgrowths to the bedrock of fact. This duty, always salutary, is more than ever urgent at a time like the present, when even those who think are often too busy to form opinions on the facts, and are compelled to content themselves with conclusions based upon the work of other men's minds. It is in this spirit of frank inquiry that I propose to ask in what the characteristic motive of the form of dramatic literature known as Tragedy consists—to inquire, that is, what is the nature of the central thought which arouses in the mind of the spectator the emotions usually associated with the spectacle of tragic action.

Such frankness is necessary at the outset; for in an age when dogma is discredited we shrink from admitting religion to a share in our intellectual triumphs. Yet it is to religion that we owe tragedy. We owe it to religion not merely because the Greek tragedy was in form a religious ceremonial, but in the more genuine sense that the motive of tragedy could never have taken shape in the human mind, unless the conception of a God of Wisdom had preceded it. For what lies at the root of the tragic drama is the difficulty—or impossibility—of reconciling the prevalence of undeserved calamity with the belief in the moral government of the universe which is involved in this conception of God. When our estimate of religion is still apt to be

dominated by the incongruities of popular theology, it is just as well that we should sometimes recall to ourselves how great a part genuine religious thought has played in the mental development of the race. Nor has the problem ever been better stated than it is in the Book of Job, when the patriarch speaks "in the bitterness of his soul."

"I will say unto God, Do not condemn me; shew me wherefore Thou contendest with me.

"Is it good unto Thee that Thou shouldest oppress, that Thou shouldest despise the work of Thine hands, and shine upon the counsel of the wicked?"

To the issue thus shrewdly raised the author of this ancient tragedy gives two answers. The first is contained in that stupendous lyric outburst in which the whole working of the universe is reviewed, and Job is bidden to correct the conclusion based upon his personal experience by the vision of the limitless resources and untiring energy of God:

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

"True, here in your personal experience," the sacred advocate argues, "there seems to be a failure; but look around and see how many more instances of success there are than of failure in the world at large. What right have you to complain, if, taken as a whole, you find the world well

governed?" This is the answer of the East. It is the quietism of Buddha, or the fatalism of Mohammed. The second answer is contained in the action with which the shepherd philosopher rounds off his drama:

"The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before."

Here the principle of poetic justice is applied; for the human mind could not remain barren or sterile when once it was confronted by the question. It strove to find an answer, and in lieu of any better solution it acquiesced in the suggestion of a natural optimism, and accepted the reply which was in accordance with its own earnest desire.

The dominant note in the facts of life of which tragedy is a representation is, therefore, undeserved and unexplained disaster. The tragedy of real life is a disaster which cannot be justified on any principle of the current morality, nor connected with any motive known to human experience other than mere malignancy. At the same time religion bids us refer this disaster in common with every other event, to the action of a Divine Power which it tells us is not only all-powerful, but all-wise. It is in the face of religious belief, therefore, that undeserved calamity becomes not merely undeserved, but also unexplained.

In the application of Greek genius to the problem—an application which resulted in the production of the Attic Tragedy—this simple motive has been modified. In the age of Pericles tragedy was at once a religious institution and an art. To state the problem in its bare simplicity would have been an impiety as well as an artistic blunder. The original motive—the representation of undeserved and unexplained calamity—had, therefore, to be modified on both these grounds. The calamity of the tragic hero must not be wholly undeserved, since the gods must not be represented as acting unjustly in their

dealings with men; and the tragic hero must not be wholly guiltless, since the spectacle of an entirely virtuous man overwhelmed by misfortune would be so painful that the element of giving pleasure—an element essential to a work of art—would be wholly absent from the drama. For dramatic purposes, therefore, the disasters selected must be such as were capable of being represented in the form of punishment instead of purposeless suffering; and the supreme merit of the Greek dramatists lies in the fact that they secured the tragic effect as completely as they did without violating either of the two conditions which limited their range of selection.

The manner in which they effected their purpose is worth a moment's consideration. The existence of undeserved suffering is recognized, and the impossibility of explaining it by any system of morality based upon human experience is admitted; but in the absence of any secular solution the problem is relegated to the sphere of religious belief. Religion, however, was not called upon to usurp the function of reason; it was not asked to *explain*, but to *console*. The religious motive of vicarious punishment for sin was rationalized in the doctrine of Nemesis. When the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, a victim is required to expiate the curse. The suffering endured by this victim, although it is undeserved by him, is not purposeless, since the immunity of the race is secured by his sacrifice. Or again, when no transgression of the Divine Laws can be allowed to remain unpunished, even unconscious acts may bring down the wrath of Heaven upon the head of their author. In both these ways suffering, which could not be justified on any principle of human morality, was represented as the result of a transgression of Divine Laws imperfectly understood, but nevertheless believed

to be founded on Divine Wisdom. The law of Nemesis, or Retribution for Sin, was not, therefore, an attempt to reconcile the existence of undeserved suffering with the principles of human morality, but a recognition of the fact that it is impossible to justify such events solely by reference to these principles. In other words we are thrown back upon the postulate of a power working by means other than those which we can understand, and of a hope that what we cannot understand may somehow after all be good and not evil. Thus the central motive of tragedy, as presented by the Greek dramatists, is not merely the conflict between man and circumstances, but that aspect of this conflict which is incapable of explanation by any process of reason; and the only reconciliation of the existence of undeserved suffering with religious belief which they put forward consists in the fact that this inexplicable element in human life is referred to the action of deities, whose motives and purposes are admitted to be too profound for human understanding.¹

I have said that the supreme merit of the Attic masters lies in the fact that in spite of their limitations they succeeded in approaching the tragic

ideal as closely as they did. This ideal is to represent not merely the conflict between man and circumstances—so little is this the case that this conflict, if it be successful, is the motive of Romance—not merely the unsuccessful conflict between man and circumstances; but that aspect of this unsuccessful conflict which baffles the human mind. Now this aspect is never so baffling as when the tragic disaster consists of suffering which is wholly undeserved; or, in other words, when the victim of destiny or circumstances is represented as wholly guiltless. This typical instance of supreme tragedy was excluded, as we have seen, from the Attic drama; and it was upon this practice of the Attic masters that Aristotle founded his rule, that the victim of the tragic disaster must not be absolutely flawless, but marked by some moral blemish such as Agamemnon's "insolence," or some unconscious transgression such as that which Oedipus committed, in order to soften the feeling of moral revolt in the minds of the audience. Nevertheless, short of this, the greatest triumphs of the Greek tragedy were won by the presentation of undeserved and unexplained suffering; and we have only to read these dramas to be assured that

¹ If we could believe that the doctrine of "Pathema mathema" (teaching by suffering), which was associated with the law of Nemesis, was used by the Greek dramatists to show that the spiritual capacity of human nature is developed by suffering, in the sense in which Browning employs the theory that life on earth is a training school for heaven, it would constitute a genuine attempt to reconcile undeserved suffering with the belief in the moral government of the world. But the teaching of experience intended to be illustrated by this doctrine seems rather to have been confined to such spiritual development only as was implied in the recognition of man's powerlessness to fight against the decrees of Heaven, however inscrutable they might appear. Sir Richard Jebb, in commenting upon the "Edipus Coloneus," writes:—

"The gods, who have vexed Edipus from youth to age, make this amend to him—that just before his death he is recognized by men as a mysteriously sacred person, who has the power to be-

queath a blessing and a malediction. They further provide that his departure out of this wretched life shall be painless, and such as to distinguish him from other men. But their attitude towards him is not that of a Providence which chastens men in love, for their good. They are the inscrutable powers who have had their will of a mortal. If such honor as they concede to him at the last is indeed the completion of a kindly purpose, it is announced only as the end of an arbitrary doom. If it is the crown of salutary, though bitter, education, it appears only as the final justice prescribed by a Divine sense of measure." (Introduction.)

Browning's attempt to justify the existence of evil in a world ruled by a God of Love by the "training school" theory of earth is open, from a philosophic point of view, to the objection that if the God of Love is also All-powerful, He would be able to find some means of training the soul for immortality less painful than the infliction of undeserved calamity.

the Attic dramatists knew not only that the master-power of tragedy lies in the fact that it is an attempt to approach the problem of the origin of evil, but also that the tragic interest is most intense when this problem is presented as being what it really is—insoluble.

To pretend, as some modern critics have done, that Æschylus intended to represent the death of Agamemnon at the hands of Clytæmnestra and her paramour, Ægisthus, as a punishment for sin which could be justified by any system of morality, is to insult alike the morality of the poet and the intelligence of the audience. Regarded as punishment, the disaster was not only wholly disproportionate to the fault, but it was vindictive and not corrective. Still less could the moral degradation and physical suffering of Œdipus be put forward by any sane intellect as a just retribution for a violation of moral laws for which Œdipus could in no sense be held responsible. In both these typical instances it was the want of explanation, the utter disproportion of the punishment to the fault, the wonder created by the thought that these great men should have been overwhelmed by the powers of evil on such slight provocation that united to produce the allied emotions of "fear and pity" in the minds of the audience, and thereby made the tragedy.

The lyrical element of the Greek tragedy affords a means of ascertaining with some definiteness what the purpose of the poet was; since the comments of the chorus expressed the emotion which he desired the action represented on the stage to produce in the minds of the audience. What, then, is the effect produced upon the chorus—and therefore, presumably, the effect which Æschylus intended to be produced upon the audience—by the speech in which Clytæmnestra attempts to

represent her deed as morally justified by Agamemnon's conduct towards her? It is a feeling of horror; the appeal to the principles of human justice is instantly rejected, and the disaster is referred to the "hand of Jove."

And dost thou glory in these deeds of death,

This vengeance of the Fury? . . .

Ah! 't is a higher power

That thus ordains: we see the hand of Jove,

Whose will directs the fate of mortal man.

My king, my royal lord, what words can show

My grief, my reverence for thy princely virtues!

Art thou thus fall'n, caught in a cob-web snare,

By impious murder breathing out thy life?

Art thou thus fall'n—ah! the disloyal bed—

Secretly slaughtered by a treach'rous hand?²

Or again, to turn from Æschylus to Sophocles, when the catastrophe is impending over Œdipus we find that the chorus take refuge in an expression of blind reverence for the ordinances of Heaven, whose operation they do not pretend to understand.

"Oh! that my lot may lead me in the path of holy innocence of word and deed, the path which august laws ordain, laws that of the highest empyrean had their birth, of which Heaven is the father alone, neither did the race of mortal men beget them, nor shall oblivion ever put them to sleep. The power of God is mighty in them and groweth not old."³

Here the sense of impending doom creates a feeling of religious awe which verges on superstition.

But after Œdipus has rushed into the palace, crying "All brought to pass—all true! Thou light, may I now look my last on thee—I who have been

² Translated by Robert Potter.

³ As translated by Matthew Arnold.

found accursed in birth, accursed in wedlock, accursed in the shedding of blood!" they read the meaning of the drama thus:—

"Alas, ye generations of men, how mere a shadow do I count your life! Where, where is the mortal who wins more of happiness than just the seeming, and, after the semblance, a falling away? Thine is a fate that warns me—thine, thine, unhappy *Œdipus*—to call no earthly creature blest."

And when *Œdipus* is being "led hence" the audience is dismissed from the spectacle of his moral and physical ruin with a pitiful admission of the baffling mystery of human life.

"Dwellers in our native Thebes, behold, this is *Œdipus*, who knew the famed riddle, and was a man most mighty; on whose fortunes what citizen did not gaze with envy? Behold into what a stormy sea of dread trouble he hath come!

"Therefore while our eyes wait to see the destined final day, we must call no one happy who is of mortal race, until he hath crossed life's border free from pain."⁴

These, surely, are words which cannot by any conceivable stretch of imagination be held to show that Sophocles thought that he had placed before his audience an example of how the facts of existence can be reconciled with a belief in the moral government of the world. If *Œdipus* was not safe, he says in effect, no man on earth can be. He does not attempt to reconcile; it is not his business to explain the mystery. What he desired to achieve was an artistic effect—the proper effect to tragedy. He has produced a feeling of pity by showing that the calamity of the hero was—apart from his unconscious transgression—undeserved, and a feeling of fear by showing that

neither virtue nor wisdom can secure immunity from misfortune. In other words, the tragic effect is directly due to the fact that the mystery of evil is represented as insoluble.

But so far is this theory of "reconciliation" carried that Mr. W. L. Courtney writes:⁵—

"If this were indeed all, if Sophocles had contented himself with painting so unrelieved a tragedy as this, we might well call him the worst of cynics and pessimists, because he made not the guilty but the innocent suffer. But the second play in the trilogy, '*Œdipus at Colonus*,' is a singularly sweet and quiet picture of an old man's growing peace and contentment."

Would it be conceived that the *dénouement* of the play of which this account is given is preceded by one of the most terrible scenes in literature—a scene in which *Œdipus* passionately upbraids his son Polynices, and calls down awful imprecations upon his head? And it is after this terrible scene that the audience are led to feel that the only peace for *Œdipus* is the peace of death:

"Hear me, O Death, son of Earth and Tartarus! . . . To thee I call, giver of the eternal sleep."

While the general lesson of the drama is presented in these words of the chorus, which are spoken after *Œdipus* has asserted his moral innocence in reply to the charges of Creon:

"The long days lay up full many things nearer unto grief than joy . . . and the Deliverer makes an end for all alike . . . even Death at the last.

"Not to be born is, past all prizing, best; but, when a man hath seen the light, this is next best by far, that with all speed he should go thither, whence he hath come."⁶

The long supremacy of the literature

⁴ This and the two preceding passages are taken from Sir Richard Jebb's translation.

⁵ In his recently published "*Idea of Tragedy*," p. 32.

⁶ Jebb's translation.

and art of ancient Greece has produced this curious result. Because the Greek dramatists were prevented by the limitations of the Greek drama from representing the true ideal of tragic action—an entirely virtuous person overwhelmed by undeserved and therefore unexplained calamity—the critics have assumed that no dramatist could make the representation of entirely undeserved suffering the motive of his tragedy. Not only so, but when they have been confronted with tragedies in which this motive is employed, they have invented theories to bring them, as they thought, into line with the practice of the Attic masters. The deficiency of the critical theory which finds the essence of tragedy to consist in the mere conflict between man and circumstances, and not in that aspect of this conflict which baffles the human mind, and which seeks to find, therefore, a "reconciliation" between the facts of life and the belief in the moral government of the world, is most apparent when it is applied to those plays of Shakespeare in which the tragic ideal is completely attained. I have already referred to Mr. Courtney's "Idea of Tragedy," and it will be convenient to take what he has written of the tragic motives embodied in Shakespeare's plays as a contemporary example of a misconception which seems to have impregnated the current of critical thought since the time of Aristotle.

In the second of the three lectures which together compose the volume Mr. Courtney gives us a general account of Shakespeare's method and motives which is enriched by much suggestive and illuminating comment. In the course of this account he finds that with Shakespeare, destiny, the force in conflict with man's will, is nothing else than a man's own charac-

ter inherited or acquired. "Shakespeare," he writes, with reference to the tragedies as distinct from the historical dramas, "will give you another series of portraits in which destiny is no longer either social or political environment, but wears the face or form of a man's own character, either inherited or acquired." And again: "But if we ask what this fate or destiny was in the conception of our English dramatist, there is only one answer. Destiny is nothing but the man's character—not an external, but an internal agency."⁷ That is to say, Shakespeare makes his tragedies afford a practical reconciliation of the conflict between destiny and the individual will, since no disaster which destiny or fate holds in store can be undeserved when each one makes his own destiny, and is, therefore himself responsible for the good or evil in his life.

In applying this theory of reconciliation to the most tragic of the Shakespearean tragedies, Mr. Courtney has to show that the cruel fate which overcame Cordelia was intended by Shakespeare to convey the impression of the spiritual triumph of the victim. He writes, therefore: "Human virtue may often go down before the assaults of evil—Desdemona is ensnared in the webs spun by Iago—but, nevertheless, it is its own exceeding great reward; and the dead Cordelia in King Lear's arms triumphantly explains that self-devotion, whether it succeeds or fails, is the highest of mortal excellencies."⁸ Previously he has written: "You can extract from Shakespeare's plays a great justification of the ways of Providence to men. Ask, for instance, whether our moral conscience is satisfied in his treatment of the human drama, and there can only be an affirmative reply. . . . The real pessimism is the despair of human virtue,

⁷ P. 52.

⁸ P. 86.

⁹ P. 68.

and that Shakespeare never so much as suggests."

But if Cordelia was possessed, as she undoubtedly was, of this "highest of mortal excellencies," and if further the good or evil of Cordelia's destiny was nothing else than the result of her own character, what becomes of the reconciliation between destiny and the individual will—a reconciliation effected by showing that destiny is an *internal* and not an external force? If character makes destiny, Cordelia's character should have caused her to pass her days in the enjoyment of the most perfect kindness on the part of her father and sisters. But the destiny which Shakespeare assigns to her is to be misunderstood, disowned and spurned by her father, and done to death in the most cruel and malignant manner by her sisters. What meaning has the expression "spiritual triumph" as applied to such a destiny? The foundation of all morality is the connection between right action and happiness; but when right action is represented as leading to such misery as that of Cordelia, how are we to find in the spectacle of it "a great justification of the ways of Providence to men?"

If this was Shakespeare's intention he would certainly merit the title of "pessimist." For what had Cordelia, whose "love was more richer than her tongue," done to bring upon herself so cruel a destiny? Or how did Desdemona, who "would not do such a wrong for the whole world," qualify for the harlot's death which destiny awarded her? Or how could the passionate love of Romeo, or the stern integrity of Hamlet, be deemed accountable for the malignity of the fates by which they were respectively cut off? To say, as Mr. Courtney does, that "the dead Cordelia in King Lear's arms triumphantly explains . . ." is to make Shakespeare the dramatic artist, igno-

rant of the means by which his effect has been obtained. Shakespeare never explained nor justified the ways of Providence to men. When he wished to realize the tragic ideal in its highest form, he presented disasters which are directly at variance with the belief that man makes, or can make, his own destiny. When he gives the most forcible and the most real presentation of a tragedy, he lets us see his characters fall victims to these undeserved disasters which cannot be accounted for by any process of human reasoning and which cannot be justified by any principles of human morality. Such disasters cannot be harmonized with the cherished belief in the existence of an All-ruling Providence "that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will," any more than they can be reconciled with the optimistic opinion that man is the architect of his own fortune. Shakespeare did not make it his business to dispute either the opinion of the man of the world or the deep-rooted sentiment of religious belief. But he saw that it was precisely in the representation of these undeserved and unexplained disasters, which seem to reveal the existence of an unseen power for evil, that the tragic ideal consists. Sometimes—not often, but often enough—these unaccountable events mar the lives of the men and women whom we know; and therefore Shakespeare represented them as happening in his imagined pictures of human life. But he used them frugally, knowing well that when he did, and then only, did he render a tragedy in its essence. In "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "Othello," and "King Lear," we have the spectacle of the lives of men and women, whose characters are absolutely unstained by any moral blemish, blasted by overwhelming disaster. The genius of Shakespeare, nurtured in the frank and fearless atmosphere of the Elizabethan age, had carried tragedy

beyond the limit observed by the Attic masters and formulated by Aristotle into a critical rule. This was an advance worthy alike of the poet and his age.

And so, while the Attic tragedians, as Aristotle noted, feared to give a spectacle of "totally unmerited misfortune," Shakespeare had the courage to present the problem in its naked reality; and the masters of prose fiction in the nineteenth century have followed his example. One instance will suffice. It is taken from the works of the great master of prose fiction who has (to use his own expression) striven to "give a flavor of the modern day reviving that of our Poet." Can it be supposed that the death of Lucy Feverel, as presented by Mr. Meredith, is intended to "justify the ways of Providence to men?" If we apply the tests of human morality to this event, can any answer be found to the question why Lucy—the innocent and injured wife—whose "last hold of reason was a thought for Richard," should have been taken by death, when Richard and all who "helped to destroy her" were spared? It is because her fate is undeserved and unexplained that it, like Cordelia's, affords an example of the complete attainment of the tragic ideal.

In conclusion, let me add a word in explanation of my remark that we owe tragedy to religion. I mean that the peculiar smart which follows the presentation of undeserved and unexplained suffering—the feeling of moral revolt in the production of which tragedy manifests its special power—would be less keen if we could dismiss from our minds all thought of the moral government of the world by a Divine Providence, and adopt the materialist standpoint. From this point of view we can recognize that the life of man is subject to the action of a blind momentum, or Chance; and that Chance

affects us in two ways, sometimes bringing unexpected and unmerited good, sometimes undeserved and unexplained evil. It is characteristic of human nature, however, that the unexpected good should be taken for granted, as we say, but that the unexpected evil should be resented and bewailed. The poet, in holding up the mirror to life, observes that both of these effects of chance are reflected in it; and in the general picture of life which he presents in Epic, in the non-tragic drama, and in prose fiction, he represents the good and evil as alternate. In the tragedy, on the other hand, he presents the single effect of chance which results in undeserved and unexplained evil; while in the romance he shows the opposite effect alone, and paints in rosy hues the triumphs of the individual over circumstance when he is aided by good fortune.

Just as in the physical world the customary alternations of sunshine and cloud are broken by periods of more acute atmospheric disturbance, when the lightnings play and the thunders roll, so the ever-changing course of human existence is punctuated by seasons of sudden and overwhelming disaster. From the time of Job downwards the wisest of mankind have endeavored to trace the origin of these disasters, and, by inventing theories to connect them with the moral principles elsewhere observed in the direction of human affairs, to harmonize the existence of undeserved calamity with the conception of an All-wise and All-powerful Ruler of the Universe. The mirror which the poet holds up to life reflects man's action alike in the sunshine of prosperity and in the shadow of adversity, and in the pictures of life presented by creative literature in general the law of beauty, no less than the experience of the race, requires that the sunlight shall prevail over the

shadow. But tragedy is the one form of poetry to which the doctrine of poetic justice cannot by the nature of things apply; since the artistic presentation of human suffering in its most acute form is its central motive, and the action which it portrays is admittedly outside the range of average

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human experience. The thunderstorms of life are its special subjects; and the tragic poet, in his portrayal of these seasons of disaster, makes the supreme effort by which alone the tragic ideal can be attained when he admits that he is unable to explain either their origin or their purpose.

W. Basil Worsfold.

LI HUNG CHANG.

Voluminous comments in the press on the life and death of a Chinese public man prove the large place he filled in the history of our times; while the disjointed memoirs, largely made up of undigested scraps of conversation, and flavored here and there by the obvious disappointment of interviewers who came to shear and departed shorn, show that an interval of time must yet elapse before a coherent estimate can be formed of the man and the statesman, Li Hung Chang. If even good-natured caricatures leave on the mind an impression of something lacking to a complete portraiture, how much more a picture that is inimical by intention. For it is not through the medium of vituperation that a public character can be seen in its just proportions, whether his name be Li Hung Chang, Joseph Chamberlain, Alfred Milner or Paul Kruger. In the case of a statesman of a race which those who have the best means of knowing admit to be incomprehensible to outsiders, the application of our Western criteria is certain to mislead; and the facetious effort to follow that rule of contraries which is properly held to be the key of the Chinese enigma does not correct, but covers one error by another still greater. An impossible mixture of these two methods could only result

in such contradictory comments as those with which the daily papers have been so extensively supplied. Qualities which would be applauded in a British statesman are held up to moral odium when exemplified in a Chinese, and an officious tribunal is set up which passes judgment without the least reserve on proceedings with which it can at best be only superficially acquainted. All this is in the day's work and apparently hurts nobody. "Apparently," only, for it may have an obscuring effect on our faculty for observing events which closely concern our own country's welfare. When, for instance, we are confidently assured that Li Hung Chang made himself the tool of Russia, and consequently the enemy of England, we are not only asked to believe a double proposition *à priori* improbable, but are led by a false scent away from our proper goal—viz., the historic truth which would be serviceable to us in the prosecution of our national interests. To flatter our optimistic self-love, and to cover our own egregious blunders, we are taught to believe that our impotence in the Far East has been due, not to indifference on the part of our own Government or to the incompetence of their agents, but to the Machiavellian intrigues of a solitary old

man with one foot in the grave. Were it true, such a confession might well make us despair of our country's fortunes; for never was there a more abject lament than the cry of defeat which we too frequently hear, and not alone in China—*Nous sommes trahis!* This is taking hold of the wrong end of the stick. Instead of whimpering over the unscrupulousness of our enemies, our business is to beat them; and if we cannot do that, self-respect should impose silence upon us. If the maintenance of our position in the world depended upon our being able to bring foreign statesmen, with their craft and strategy, into line with what we may from time to time consider to be our national interest, we should indeed be in a parlous state. Happily, we have only an objective concern with those outside forces. The safeguarding and well-being of our Empire depend not on the methods or character of aliens in either hemisphere, but solely on the spirit and the intelligence of our Government and people.

Without in any way presuming to anticipate the verdict of history on the part played by the deceased Chinese statesman in the evolution or revolution of the Chinese Empire, a few salient features in Li's career may not unprofitably engage our attention. Not the least remarkable of these was his indomitable industry; and here, if we are to apply Western standards at all, we should have to allow that the labors of European officials are but child's play as compared with those of the Chinese. Nor is it only the quantity but the infinite diversity of work, coupled with direct personal responsibility for all the consequences of errors, both of omission and commission, which weighs upon the Chinese official, and constantly paralyzes his action. He has no period of relaxation, no week-end, no summer holiday, no retirement except under dis-

grace or the plea of some insupportable malady, and the only place of rest to which he looks forward is the grave. Six months ago Li Hung Chang was anticipating this termination to his labors with calm and almost cheerful expectancy. No doubt much of the work undertaken by Li was self-imposed, and the task he set himself was so gigantic that a larger experience of the world would have shown him it was quite beyond his power, or indeed that of any mortal man. But whatever the inspiration, his labors were, without doubt, continued to the utmost limit of his physical endurance. There was no shirking, and in the midst of it all he made it a point to find time to see every stranger who could make out a decent pretext for an interview. Such interviews became a feature in his scheme of life; he used them as a means of education. Having a retentive memory, he was able to balance the sayings of one foreigner against another, in order to arrive at what he supposed was a residuum of uncolored fact. He was, of course, mistaken in this seemingly reasonable calculation, for he comprehended the European spirit as little as the best-informed European comprehends the Chinese, and thus he lacked the faculty of true assimilation where foreign matters were concerned. Moreover, among his streams of visitors there was seldom one who was concerned to tell him the simple truth; they had their several axes to grind, and plied that occupation to the best of their skill during the hour or more which was freely accorded to them, being much disconcerted when the great man turned their inquisitorial weapons upon themselves. It was characteristic of Li that, however busy he might be, he never allowed his visitor to perceive the least sign of preoccupation as long as he had anything to say. When I saw him in Peking six months ago—

while in the throes of an unequal contest with eleven claimant Powers, each demanding in tones louder than another, "your money or your life"—having compunctions about fatiguing him in his feeble state of health, after an hour and a half's talk I wished to take leave; but he begged me not to hurry away, assuring me that it was a positive relaxation to be able to converse freely with one who had no demands to make upon him. It is pleasant indeed to remember that I then saw the old man, humanly speaking, at his best, his rugged features softened into the calm of one who had fought the fight and was only waiting to lay down his weapons and be at peace. The feeling on both sides that it was for the last time lent a touch of pathos, and even solemnity, to the interview. Though I had been warned that his infirmities prevented him from standing up, he not only rose to receive me, but insisted upon escorting me to the door, with an *empressment* never shown by him before. I could not wish to take leave of any friend in a happier or more charitable frame of mind.

Of the subject-matter of Li's daily labors a fragmentary recapitulation will suffice to indicate their scope. He was not known to foreigners, and very little to Chinese, up to the age of forty, when, being an official in the province of Kiang-su, where the Taiping rebellion was raging at its hottest, he assumed an active part in its suppression. Having been previously a captive in the insurgent armies, during which time he saved his life by placing his pen at the disposal of the illiterate chiefs, he was better acquainted with the organization and methods of the insurgents than any of his official colleagues. The experience so gained, joined to his natural ability, soon brought him into prominence in the provincial government.

His military and civil administration

during those years, his campaign in different provinces in suppressing local rebellions, are among the best known of his achievements; and albeit the record as presented to English readers is obscured by a cloud of legendary fictions, which are constantly repeated, gathering, like Fame, strength in the process, yet the main outlines stand out tolerably clear. It is not, however, these exploits, although they placed him at the head of the executive officials of the empire, that specially distinguish Li Hung Chang from his contemporaries. It was rather the practical conclusion he drew from the proved impotence of the empire, as demonstrated by the foreign occupation of the capital. Other statesmen, no doubt, combining intelligence with patriotism, said to themselves, "This must not happen again," and to give effect to this resolution advocated the reorganization of the defences of the country. But the burden of this enterprise fell upon Li. He alone carried it into practical effect, according to the light that was in him, and made it in fact the main business of his life during his years of vigor. Having learned, as he naturally supposed, the secret of the foreigners' successful invasion of China, and the idea having taken complete possession of him, he set himself diligently to acquire the means by which the foreigners had shown themselves so powerful. His personal intercourse with General Gordon during the suppression of the Taiping rebellion afforded him real insight into foreign methods of warfare, while the example of Gordon himself applied the needful stimulus which set his plans in motion. He saw, in fact, that drill, discipline and modern weapons were the primary essentials of an army. He had also seen the ubiquitous foreign gunboat, and deduced therefrom the importance of floating batteries. Anti-

quoted coast defences, having shown themselves useless, must also be reconstructed, extended and armed with the newest Western artillery. In short, the problem, as it presented itself to Li, was to build up an army, a navy and a chain of coast fortresses on the model of those possessed by foreign nations. But to accomplish all this among a people wholly indifferent to such matters, under a Government whose ignorance was worse than blank, in that their minds were preoccupied with fantastic notions as to the outer world, and under the criticism of a whole army of literates whose knowledge of affairs was derived from semi-fabulous legends thousands of years old, was indeed a labor of Hercules. It would have been so even had the protagonist had a chorus at his back, whereas it is a singular feature of Li Hung Chang's career that he never had a party, and scarcely a friend, except among his own *protégés*. As to his family, it is questionable whether they were more of a help or a hindrance to him; in this he shared the common lot of his countrymen. Looked at askance as a revolutionary who was leading the country away from its ancient traditions into unknown paths, he never in fact, received any encouragement in his innovating policy except from the Empress-Dowager, the most enlightened of the Imperial family. Those professional critics, the Censors, whose fear-inspiring influence so often paralyzes the action of Chinese officials, had never aught but evil to say of Li. And it has been remarked as proof either of parsimony or indifference, that Li Hung Chang never "squared" these gentry, as is the custom of mandarins who have occasion to dread their denunciations. The attempt to reorganize the defences of the empire in the face of such opposing forces was really hopeless, the wonder being not that the

scheme should have aborted, but that even the preliminary steps should have been taken. Let us transfer the case to our own country, and imagine how many Boards of Admiralty, how many Boards of War, National Defence Leagues, Navy Leagues, Royal Commissions, etc., would be necessary to revolutionize our military and naval services, and then consider what chances the ablest man in a country like China could have fighting the battle single-handed with all these auxiliary organizations, and many other influences which could be named, arrayed against him. That Li Hung Chang's enterprise must have failed on general grounds is therefore certain enough; at what particular points it broke down and for what reasons I have myself faintly indicated, from time to time, in the pages of "Maga" and otherwise. At what epoch in his career the reformer himself became disillusioned it is impossible to say; probably the process was a gradual one, coinciding with the failure of physical strength.

The portion of Li's great schemes which came more directly under the eye of foreigners was of course the navy, built up on English lines, with an English instructor and officered by students in English schools. It is therefore in that department, that we naturally look for those causes of failure which come most easily within the range of Western apprehension. They reached a climax in 1890, in the cabal among the captains, which Li was either unable or unwilling to control, whereby the English instructor, Captain Lang, R.N., was intrigued out of the Chinese navy. That successful plot sealed the doom of the service, which thenceforth deteriorated rapidly until it became mere food for powder. When these things happened Li Hung Chang was told very plainly the fatal consequences which must ensue, and it is probable enough that he himself fore-

saw the collapse, and that the disheartening foresight caused him to relax in his endeavors to raise the fleet to a state of efficiency. But while the navy was neglected, great efforts continued to be made in the direction of fortifying the coast; there were motives at work there which did not apply with equal force to the ships. The ancillary services, such as the military and naval schools and the medical department, were also carried on with as much apparent zeal as they had ever been. The medical school, in particular, at Tien-tsin received a new impetus and was granted a full official status about the period when Captain Lang resigned his commission; and the manner of it threw an interesting sidelight on the Chinese, or at least Li's way of doing things, and in particular on the terms of easy intercourse which he maintained with the missionary bodies. The so-called "Viceroy's Hospital" had been "run" by Dr. Mackenzie of the London Missionary Society with most satisfactory results. On the sudden death of Dr. Mackenzie in 1888, the Viceroy appointed his own physician, Dr. Andrew Irwin, to superintend the hospital and the medical school, while the missionary Society appointed one of their own men. There was a deadlock; neither would yield; the whole hospital scheme had to be remodelled; and a question about the property not unnaturally followed between the Viceroy and the London Mission. The principals failing to come to an agreement, the case was referred to the arbitration of two Europeans, one being an English missionary, who made an award without calling in an umpire. The severance of the tie between Li Hung Chang and

the London Mission was thus effected in a way honorable to both parties.¹

In addition to those labors which I have ventured to call self-imposed, because they were initiated solely by himself, Li Hung Chang, in his capacity of Superintendent of Trade, was kept incessantly occupied with commercial questions of all kinds affecting the northern ports of China, and it was this that brought him into constant contact with foreign officials and merchants. For this office Li was particularly well qualified, having a great capacity for business and a sympathy with traders, ship-owners, and so forth, quite different from the common run of Chinese officials. He himself was a trader in his way, having initiated a great native steamship company which is still in full activity on the coast and rivers of China; also a telegraph system, with ramifications which extend throughout the empire, the coal-mines of Tongshan and the pioneer railways of North China.

Of all these operations the Western public can form rational estimates; but a large part of the work and responsibility of Li Hung Chang was purely domestic and territorial, and therefore out of the purview of foreign observers. He was the Governor of the Metropolitan Province, containing a nominal population of 18,000,000, not all of the most law-abiding character. The functions of this office necessitated residence for a portion of the year at the provincial capital, Paoting-fu, far in the interior; but the fear of a rising during the winter months when the sea-communications were blocked by ice caused so much pressure to be put on the Viceroy, both by natives and by the foreign residents, that for a

¹ This, however, did not prevent the publication in a catchpenny album trading on the horrors of last year, containing views of China with appropriate letter-press, of a representation of "the Christian hospital at Tien-tsin, first patronized and then confiscated by the heathen Viceroy." It is fair to the London Missionary Society to say that they emphatically repudiate the statements contained in that publication.

good many years he remained permanently in Tien-tsin while the territorial administration was carried on by his deputies at Paoting. But whether at the one place or the other, Li always took effective measures to keep the peace within his jurisdiction. During nearly a quarter of a century of the Viceroyalty of Chih-li, no rising against foreigners, whether missionaries or other, was allowed to take place; and considering the turbulent reputation of the populace, and the outrages of which they had previously been guilty, this fact attests the efficiency of Li Hung Chang's administration.

But, after all, it is chiefly in his political character that Li has made a figure in the world. His position in the state was quite anomalous, for while the diplomatic intercourse with foreign Powers was carried on officially by the Board established for that purpose in Peking, of which Li Hung Chang was not even a member until after his disgrace, no decision was ever taken by the Tsung-li-Yamen without the approval of the Viceroy. His office of Superintendent of Trade conferred upon him direct authority on the questions which chiefly occupied the foreign consular and diplomatic bodies, in the treatment of which the action of the Peking Board was habitually evasive. This abnormal state of affairs was naturally irritating to the foreign Ministers, who were doomed to transact business with an irresponsible, or at all events an unresponsive, Board in Peking, while the real executive authority was wielded by provincial rulers, not only in the province of Chih-li, but also on the Yang-tze and in Canton. The position of Li Hung Chang in particular came to be very much resented by the foreign representatives in the capital—by none more so than by the British Ministers. Sir Harry Parkes, who stood up for strict ortho-

doxy in all things, kicked against the false position in which the diplomatic body was placed, and his life was cut short before he had time to effect any change. Meantime, more than one of his colleagues, seeking what was practical rather than what was legitimate, one after another paid their court to Li Hung Chang, and made visits also to the southern viceroys, which they seemed to find conducive to the furtherance of their business.

As the actual, though unofficial, adviser to the throne, Li Hung Chang has, not always unfairly, been held responsible for the acts of Government, especially in its relations to foreign countries, during a whole generation; and it is therefore an interesting subject of inquiry what that policy has been. It has seemed to pass through several phases, and it must be owned presents a confused picture to the observer. Li in particular has been held representative of all that is tortuous, wily, intriguing and so forth, while in point of fact if we regard his career in broad outline his central aim appears to be simple enough. He was a pilot whose business was to keep the ship off the rocks. In order to do so he had to *ménager* the captain, conciliate the crew and avoid collisions with other craft. It was really a humble rôle he had to play, and frequent humiliations attended it. Opportunism, the study of tides, winds and currents, the movements of other vessels which observed no rules of the road, were the necessary conditions of safety. To secure this, sacrifices had from time to time to be made, cargo had to be jettisoned, and the courses changed to avoid collision. Occasionally the situation was redeemed by bluff, but in a great majority of cases safety was purchased by concessions, graceful or otherwise. Thus Japan was bought off in 1874 by the payment of an indemnity. Again, in 1885, to avoid a

war which after all would probably not have taken place, Japan was admitted to a partnership with China in the control of Korea, always a fatal arrangement for the softer partner. About the same period peace with France was purchased by the cession of Tong-king. And in 1894 he would probably have surrendered China's interest in Korea, which was in reality only a profitless burden to her, as all the outlying territories were, had such a question ever assumed a definite shape. These concessions, however, though purchasing peace, were all steps in the downward course of China, logically leading up to the cession of Manchuria to the demands of Russia. Was it that Li Hung Chang had been successively pro-Japanese, pro-French and pro-Russian? Or was it that he, according to his lights, was simply pro-Chinese, seeking to save the essential by the sacrifice of the unessential? It might be argued that in her policy of concession China had no choice, and therefore bowed to the inevitable; but it is yet no less true that each concession served only to whet the appetite for more, and was consequently fatal to the ultimate integrity of the empire, even within the limits of the Great Wall.

Directly opposed to this theory of the action of China and of Li as its agent is the assertion, which continues to be made in quarters which might be better informed, that Li Hung Chang provoked war with Japan in 1894. A partisan would, of course, say anything; and if responsible Englishmen persist in saying that the British Government with malice aforethought made war upon the South African Republics, one need not wonder at a similar misreading of history in the Far East. The Japanese attack on China is well-known to have been organized by many years of active preparation, carried on with miraculous secrecy. China, on the other hand was as en-

tirely unprepared for conflict as were the British when the South African territories were invaded by the Boers. There was indeed a curious parallelism between the two cases; inferior weapons, defective intelligence, chaotic counsels, and more besides than is quite pleasant to contemplate. We paid heavily for our inefficiency; the Chinese paid more heavily for theirs. We, by immense sacrifices, recovered ourselves, because we were inured to war, and had a thousand years of military tradition behind us. The Chinese collapsed because they had no such reserve to fall back upon, such show of military and naval force as they possessed being as an exotic flower without a root, blown away by the first gust. That Li Hung Chang was aware of this state of things is absolutely certain, and he knew moreover that if war ensued with Japan, the burden of its conduct would fall upon himself. Most strenuously, therefore, did he oppose every measure out of which any pretext for hostilities could be extracted. For good or for evil the attack on China was deliberately planned by Japan—by one man in particular, as is well known—and her spokesmen have never to this day been able to assign a plausible provocation on the part of China. The despatch of about 2,000 troops to quell an insurrection in Southern Korea has been by an effort of special pleading alleged as a justification to the Japanese for sending an army of 10,000 to occupy the Korean capital, and make a captive of the king. The two Powers had agreed by the convention of 1885 that should occasion arise for either of them to despatch troops to keep order in Korea, notice of the intention to do so should be given by the one to the other, so that both Powers should have an opportunity of being represented by an equivalent force. Accordingly China gave notice of her intention to Japan,

who acted upon it so promptly that her army was landed at the capital where there was no disturbance or pretext for foreign intervention, simultaneously with the arrival of the Chinese at the scene of insurrection. But even that small initial expedition of China sent at the instance of the Korean king, was despatched in opposition to the remonstrances of Li Hung Chang. The influences which then guided the Court of Peking, the part played in the transaction by foreigners, are still veiled in mystery; but the one fact remains, that on that occasion at least the counsels of Li were overruled by the Court, and he was compelled to do in his executive capacity that which his judgment condemned. It is only in accordance with the world's ordinary justice, however, that he should be passed down to history as the author of the Japanese war—a calamity which he would have sacrificed almost anything to avoid.

Li's cherished design of making war on Japan has also been inferred from certain state papers translated by a Japanese and published in England a few years ago. These included a memorial to the throne against the Japanese by a well-known Chinese fire-eater, and a report on the memorial by Li Hung Chang, to whom it was referred in the ordinary course. Li in his comment did not waste words in traversing the thesis of the memorialist, but merely remarked that, though the idea was good, time must be carefully chosen for giving effect to it. The formula was equivalent to the motion made in our House of Commons that "the bill be read that day six months." It was the bucket of water into which

the hot iron was plunged.³ And the act was in entire conformity with the policy and practice of the Viceroy throughout his political career, a policy which he has followed consistently till the day of his death. Set in its least favorable light, it may be called the policy of "peace-at-any-price," a principle which must prove destructive to any state which follows it.

Apart, however, from all successes and failures, the imposing personality of Li Hung Chang cannot be easily explained away. He has been the indispensable man. However frequently the Imperial Court has gone through the form of degrading him, every difficulty, every crisis, has brought him again to the front; he has had to defend breaches which he had no hand in making, and to patch up quarrels which he would never have allowed to reach the burning point. Not by strength of character alone, nor yet by purity of administration, for there have been during his time stronger and purer officials than he, yet there has never been any one who was in the least competent to fill his place as the international representative of China. This was clearly demonstrated during the Japanese troubles, when the Chinese Government did its best to avoid employing him after he had been deprived of his offices. He was, nevertheless, found to be the only man competent to negotiate. The Marquis Ito, who knew him well, exclaimed when an enterprising newsagent had reported his death, "Why, if that man dies, I shall have to bring him out of his grave to negotiate peace." And when the troubles of 1900 broke out, it was urged

³ Curiously enough, while correcting the proof of this article, another similar misinterpretation—as I venture to consider it—has been fallen into by Mr. H. J. Whigham, the special correspondent of the "Morning Post," in his most interesting letter published in that journal on November 19. Verily, "the letter killeth." To read any Chinese official document literally, especially a memorial to the throne or the report on it, would often

lead to grave misconception. The case seems to be this: a collision is threatened; the locomotive cannot be arrested by a man standing in front of the wheel, but it may be switched off the line of danger. Such seems to be the true meaning of Li's habitual attitude towards the fire-eaters on the various occasions when he proposed delay instead of a direct negative to schemes which were after all without form and void.

with copious but misdirected anathema by the English press that Li should not be allowed any resumption of authority in Northern China. Futile clamors were set up for detaining him in Canton, for holding him as a hostage in Shanghai and for subjecting him to sundry personal indignities during his progress to Peking; yet, in spite of all, he was found by the exhaustive process to be the only man capable of dealing with the emergency.

Something more is needed to account for the eminence of an old and friendless man than mere astuteness, evasion, venality, and so forth. Might not the secret rather be found in that side of his character which has received, so far, the least recognition from the world, which has envenomed the whole official hierarchy of China against him, and which earned for him the most odious epithet known to the Chinese vocabulary, "The friend of foreigners"? Had it been true the implied reproach would not have been a very unjust one, for patriotism must always come first. But though Li had a tolerably extensive acquaintance with foreigners of all nations and classes, and was on what is called friendly terms with not a few, he was never the friend of every country but his own, in the opprobrious sense in which his fellow-countrymen use the word. His respect for foreigners was rational, based on his clear perception of the superior power of the Western nations, and the consequent necessity for China, by some means or other, to borrow their methods if she would save herself from ruin. He was, moreover, at least in the earlier part of his career, favorably impressed with the character as well as the power of foreigners, of whom General Gordon stood to him as the prototype. Throwing over the historical Chinese prejudices, which up to that time had led to disastrous collisions with foreign nations,

Li frankly entered into a scheme for learning all that his quondam enemies had to teach, and for employing them freely in the work of reforming the defences of China, and purchasing their weapons and appliances. As a preliminary to this great enterprise, Li had to change many of the traditional usages of his order. The first step was to establish free intercourse with foreigners, whom his predecessors had spurned from their footstool, and he became accessible to all sorts and conditions of men. Such an innovation by a Chinese mandarin was unheard of. We have but to think of the superb arrogance of such representatives of the mandarin class as Commissioners Lin and Yeh, to appreciate the greatness of the change inaugurated by Li Hung Chang. He was the first Chinese official who claimed from the Imperial Government the amicable treatment of foreigners, who vindicated in memorials to the throne their equality, and even in some respects their superiority, to the Chinese.

This of itself was a daring venture, an unpardonable violation of the national tradition. Had it seemed feasible to shield China from all contact with outer nations, or to expel them by force or fraud, we cannot doubt that Li would have thrown himself heart and soul into that cause; but since that was entirely out of the question, the next best thing was to break the violence of the impact, and to establish a communication between China and other States which might be carried on without periodical recourse to arms. Such was the central idea which seems to have governed the policy of Li Hung Chang from the day when he first made the acquaintance of foreigners until the day of his death. In following it out he had recourse to many devices, of which the regeneration of the defences of the country was an essential one, for on the face of the thing it

was absurd to speak of equality in the relations between States armed to the teeth and one which was defenceless. Foreign critics who have never been backward in judging things Chinese strongly disapproved of the money spent on armaments, which they maintained ought to have been spent in internal reform. But recent developments seem to show that Sir Frederick Bruce was nearer the mark in saying, forty years ago, that it was the weakness, and not the strength, of China that was a danger to Europe. The assumption of superiority by China, coupled with her actual inferiority, was the anomaly which Li sought to put an end to by levelling down the hereditary and preposterous pretensions of the Chinese governing body on the one hand, and by levelling up their material strength on the other, so that China might be able to hold her own, peaceably and confidently, in the comity of nations. To this end he constituted in his own person the adaptable joint round which Chinese and foreign relations might revolve with smoothness and safety. In this conception of the true basis of international intercourse there is no evidence of Li Hung Chang having had a single sympathizer among his countrymen; and of course his solitary efforts were wholly inadequate to give effect to the idea. Nevertheless, it was a conception not unworthy of a patriot and a statesman, and it is not every statesman who, in the face of all but universal opprobrium, would be ready to stake life and reputation in the prosecution even of essential reforms.

Among the criticisms of the life of Li Hung Chang, it is said to his disparagement that he looked through Chinese spectacles—that his ideas, his prejudices and even his superstitions were Chinese. What else would the ingenuous critic expect of a graduate of the Hanlin College, an official who

never left his country till after seventy, and how would he describe his own prejudices? "In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations," Li could not help being one of that people who number on the earth's surface anything from 200 to 400 millions, according to the oral rotundity of the speaker. Notwithstanding his heredity and surroundings, however, Li Hung Chang throughout his career evinced a consistent appreciation of foreign manners and ideas. Not alone in the importation and construction of machinery, and the application of physical science, and in matters generally external to himself, was his belief in things foreign demonstrated; but where his own person was concerned his faith was no less robust. The public medical services which he inaugurated were in fact but an expansion of the treatment which he had embraced for himself and his family, or as many of them as were disposed to follow his lead. As during the last scenes in Peking, so in the only dangerous illness he had previously gone through just ten years ago, his half-enlightened family made strenuous efforts to dissuade him from employing a foreign doctor. But though prostrated, and almost in the article of death, his confidence in foreign medicine remained unshaken. "He will die if he continues the foreign treatment," was the lamentation daily and hourly howled at the bedside of the patient; and even the day of his death was fixed for the winter solstice, then only a few days distant, a day of omen for the sick in China, as the ebbing of the tide is amongst our coast population. As Dr. Frazer, a genial Ulsterman, entered, the sick man looked up and asked the one question, "Shall I die on the 22d?" A cheery "No-o-o!" reassured the patient, who began at once to take nourishment, and in a few days was transacting public business—from his bed.

On the personal character of Li Hung Chang, apart from his public record, it is not necessary to expatiate. For one thing, it does not particularly concern us, and then we know less about it than we do about the private life of our own public men. And as even in their case a decent reticence is usually observed over their open graves, a similar restraint might be observed towards the statesmen of distant countries, without defrauding the reading public of what they may conceive to be honestly due to them in the way of personal gossip. It is said that he was venal, which is no doubt true in the sense that no Chinese official can live upon his salary, and must therefore derive his income from commissions and donations of various kinds, all perfectly regulated and understood. The whole Chinese civil and military administration is based upon this barbarous system, for there is nothing in that country corresponding to our Western—and that only modern—economy. To contend that Li Hung Chang was untainted by a system so deep-rooted, consecrated by the usage of ages, or even to deny that avarice, the vice of the old, grew by what it fed upon, as it does throughout the world, would be absurd. Such, however, are the inequalities of human judgment that contemporaries of Li Hung Chang, whose successful covetousness by many times exceeded his, and whose hands were moreover stained by crimes which are insinuated, without a trifle of evidence or justification, against Li, are never mentioned by foreign critics except in terms of respect.

There is no kind of misdemeanor with which Li Hung Chang is not freely and effusively charged, without a scintilla of truth. Indeed, publicists permit themselves a degree of license in dealing with the private affairs of Chinese which they would not, for fear of the law of libel, venture to indulge

towards the most felonious of their fellow-countrymen. It is usually the same class of writers who are the loudest in complaining of the unfriendliness of their victims, without considering that friendship implies reciprocity, or bringing forward a single reason why the objects of their invective should be friendly. In answer to one at least of these loose charges, it may be sufficient to affirm that the domestic life of Li Hung Chang was exemplary. For the rest, though not wanting in what are commonly recognized as Chinese characteristics, yet from some of these Li was exceptionally free. Perhaps the most active passions of the Chinese official classes are envy, jealousy and malice. Under these impulses mandarins, high and low, engage in elaborate plots to undermine rivals and to pursue their enemies to the very death. Jealousy no doubt showed itself, and no great wonder, in Li's declining years; and envy was probably as constant with him as it is with the majority of men. But rancor seemed to have no lodgment in his mind; indeed, he probably carried placability to a fault, often condoning treacheries in subordinate officials which merited more drastic treatment. His turn of mind being constructive, he wasted no time in those pulling-down intrigues which occupy so much of the ingenuity of the ordinary Chinese. "Let them go on and see what they will make of it," represents his habitual attitude towards reformers, schemers and competitors for Imperial favor. It is well known that he had ruthless enemies in Peking pledged to his ruin; yet even towards those who were banded together to have him assassinated he remained philosophically complacent. Speaking last summer of the prospect of a peaceful ending to his life, he was asked whether he was not afraid of those implacable enemies of his, "Oh

no," he said, "those who sought my life are dead, executed at the behest of the Allies; let them rest." There was no trace of bitterness in his expression.

It must strike any one who has given attention to the course of events in China during the past generation, that a Chinese statesman so broad-minded and free from prejudice as Li Hung Chang, and so devoted to progress and reform, would have promoted these objects by a closer alliance with another representative of progress, the man who was, in fact, by his position, the embodiment of material reform in China, Sir Robert Hart. Such truth as there may be in this reflection is obvious on the surface; but it is not to be inferred from their keeping apart that the two men did not play powerfully into each other's hands. The institution presided over by the Inspector-General of Customs was, in fact, one of the fulcrums of the Viceroy's lever, while the influence of Li was the prop which has maintained the Customs administration intact. Jealousy undoubtedly existed between them—how could it be otherwise?—and if ever the Inspector-General aspired to the exercise of undue authority over Chinese administration, the Viceroy Li was prompt to frustrate his schemes. On the other hand, when a determined effort was made by a high Chinese official, in concert with certain foreigners, to supplant Sir Robert Hart in the control of the Customs, it was the same Viceroy who effectually intervened to suppress the conspiracy and to establish the Inspector-General more firmly in his seat.

For five years Li Hung Chang was out of office, for his embassy to Russia in 1896, his service in the Tsung-li-Yamên and his River Conservancy in Shantung, were but stop-gaps. A substantive appointment was, however, conferred upon him when he was sent

as Viceroy to the Two Kwang in 1900. The genesis of this move to the south would be interesting considering its nearness in point of time to the anti-foreign uprising of the summer before last. It was once claimed officially as a triumph of British diplomacy, that Li was sent away from the Tsung-li-Yamên in deference to the request of the British Minister—a preposterous idea, which only shows the readiness of British officials, Government, and people to take refuge in every fool's paradise that offers itself. How far the appointment to Canton was motivated by the desire of the reactionaries in Peking to get so inconvenient an opponent out of the way, and how far that desire co-operated with the wish on the Viceroy's own part to be as far away as possible from the coming trouble, may be open to debate. When asked whether he was aware of what was impending, the Viceroy said, "He did fear that a storm was brewing, but could not foresee the form it might assume, nor form the faintest conception of the extent to which it actually went." It is a reasonable probability, that had Li remained in Peking the storm which burst in June would have been averted. On the other hand, a weaker man at Canton during that very critical period might not have been able to check the rising which actually began there. Even as matters stood, the utmost vigor was called for to nip the southern insurrection in the bud. Some thousands of insurgents were arrested and executed, and in order to disseminate the message as widely as possible, these executions were ordered to take place not in any special locality, but in every part of the great city of Canton in succession. By these drastic measures confidence was soon restored to the peaceable population and Li's successor had an easy task in maintaining order. This saving of the situation in Southern China

was no less important a feat than that of the Yang-tze Viceroys, who saved the situation in the central provinces. But the fashion of the day is to overload the two with praise, perhaps more—coming as it does from foreign sources—than they altogether appreciate, while the action of the third Viceroy has been ignored, perhaps no less to his satisfaction. The commendation of an alien comes tainted with suspicion, is not always welcome and sometimes highly embarrassing. A Chinese official once begged a foreigner, believed to have some connection with the press, that his name might never be mentioned in any foreign newspaper, or, if mentioned at all, that it should be in terms of reprobation. "For that," said he, "may do me good, while praise from a foreigner would

damn me in the estimation of my countrymen."

The termination of the extensive yet much restricted reign of Li Hung Chang leaves a great void in the Chinese world; how will it be filled up? There comes naturally a stage in the career of a reformer—if he lives long enough—when he slackens his efforts and becomes in his turn an obstacle to the more ardent spirits who are impatient to make **their own mark**. That period was reached, we believe, some time ago by Li, when he gradually assumed the rôle rather of a Conservative than a Progressive. Now the obstruction has been removed, and the younger men have free play for their schemes. Let us see, to use Li Hung Chang's words, what they will make of it.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Alexander Michie.

THE GARDEN OF ATTALUS.

Surely there was something uncanny about the place; the rank luxuriance of flower and tree, the hot stillness, the curious sense of remoteness—of desolation that was not ruin. For there was nothing ruinous about the little church on the knoll, that rose like an islet from out the green depths of the encircling woodland. Up to the gray walls, pale in the sunshine, the flower-filled grass rolled like a sea, flowing in billows over the long hillocks, parted here and there by a lichen-stained tombstone; the dead worshippers clustering thickly on all

sides save the north, according to ancient custom. And over hillock and tomb the July sun beat burningly down, as though to warm the chilled hearts of the sleepers.

Was the place bewitched—or was he? Scarcely three hours has elapsed since Henry Tallant left his hotel for a stroll—three hours? Had he strayed back through the centuries and found again the Silent Chapel in the wild forest, with its "faire altar full richly arrayed," awaiting no mortal priest; and the six-branched "faire cleane candlestick of silver," whose ever-burning

* The well-known Peking correspondent of the "Times," who has rendered such excellent service to that paper and to the public for some years past, has recently uttered a note of warning to the Foreign Office as to the publication of communications from Chinese officials, seeing that the Blue-Books are studied in all the yamens in

China. The hint might with advantage be taken by the newspapers also, which are no less eagerly scanned for matter which may be used offensively by one Chinese clique, or individual, against another, and for evidences of the hostile intentions of foreign nations.

tapers were lit by no earthly hands? Idle fancies doubtless, but in idle summer days one may be permitted such; and Tallant's years were enough for him to have lived in the times when culture was preferred to education, the times when men could "pray and sing and tell old tales." He pushed open the churchyard gate, and walked up the steep and narrow path leading to the west door. It was closed and locked, and Tallant stood for a moment with his back to it, looking about him.

How dry was everything! Did ever rain or dew fall here? Even the grasses were not the soft familiar plumes, but seemed to have been scorched into savage life, every spikelet a dagger, every awn a lance, tiny weapons that drew blood where they brushed; and the evil darnel—the tares of the enemy—grew well and thickly among those hard shining panicles. The hot air was very fragrant—that honey-like yet pungent fragrance of the flowers that grow in old churchyards.

"Dust of hearts!" murmured Tallant, his gaze resting on the many blossoms in the grass. Then he moved away to the southern side where a window was half open. Surely here was the Silent Chapel of old story. True, no tapers flamed in the chancel, but all within was seemly, even rich. The sunlight fell on rare carving and deep-colored marbles, and silken draperies and fine linen, and flashed back from gold vessels. How many centuries had passed since priest had sung or sinner prayed therein? Tallant walked round to the north side of the hill. Everywhere was the encircling forest, a dense belt of green against the blue horizon. He turned the corner of the porch and found that he was not alone. On a stool in front of an easel sat a young man, fair, slender, with complexion too red and white for health. He glanced up from his

painting as the other approached, and with a comprehensive wave of his hand, said briefly:

"The Garden of Attalus!"

"Not so," responded Tallant, pointing to a damask rosebush flinging its sprays over a tomb. "'Look not for roses in Attalus's garden.'"

The artist leant back against the church wall and surveyed Tallant with approval.

"What happy wind has blown you hither?"

"The happiest, that of chance."

"Is chance the happiest?"

"So it seems to me. It has given me many pleasant hours, many friends."

"Call it fate."

"As you will. Perhaps that is the better name. To-day I set out from my hotel at Crowhurst for a stroll, and wandering aimlessly, chance or fate has brought me to—I do not know the name of this place?"

"Men call it Beauséjour. The village is a mile away. The church belonged to the Abbey of Beauséjour, and is the Chapel of the Angels."

"I imagined it the Silent Chapel of the old romaunt."

"Did you? The Forest Chapel? I see. Yes, it might almost be that. I will continue my introductions. I myself am Sebastian Winfrey, D.A.—Discontented Artist."

"He who is content has failed," replied Tallant, pulling out his card-case. "May I see your painting?"

Winfrey turned the easel.

"It is a St. Dorothea," he said. "I was touching up the roses. Do you know Gozzoli's angel choir?"

"And the Umbrian School also. This is a splendid thing!"

Style, feeling, coloring, all were Umbrian. The saint, a figure of noble beauty, seated on a bench of dark marble, against a background of rose-hedge and luminous twilight sky—a sky green as the emeralds in the jewelled

clasp at her throat, and melting into lapis lazuli; a blue repeated in her robes, which were of the same deep ultramarine. At her feet a lighted lantern glowed softly, and on either side of her stood an angel, red-garmented and peacock-winged, the one bearing crimson roses, the other white. The whole picture had the serenity, the repose, the brilliance of the early Italian painters.

"The lantern is mediæval," said Winfrey, "and the angels. But Art belongs to no period, and need not be trammelled by petty detail."

"Sometimes Art is a Sibyl; does not Pisano's St. George wear a colonial hat? That was prophetic."

"Oh," cried the artist, laughing, "how good it is to talk with somebody who *can* talk!"

"That is what I was just thinking myself, when your St. Dorothea drove all else out of my mind. A marvellous painting!"

"You like it? Come and see one or two of my sketches. My wife will give us some tea."

His wife! He did not look more than twenty, and wore an air of boyish irresponsibility. Indeed, as he snatched his picture from the easel, and holding it at arm's length, went gaily down the steep little path to the gate, no one could appear less like a Benedict than Winfrey. Tallant, following him, wondered if Mrs. Winfrey were the original of the Dorothea; but he told himself that in these latter days no woman possessed that grave loveliness.

Below the hill ran the forest lane along which he had come from Crowhurst. A few yards past the gate it bent sharply, and here by the wayside, stood one of the picturesque thatched cottages of the district. So heavy were the eaves that as one came suddenly upon it round the corner, the little dwelling gave the idea of a gnome

glancing sideways from under a big hat. Tallant spoke of this.

"Yes, I know what you mean," replied Winfrey. "One of Peer Gynt's friends, a troll in a straw hat. The glance is sinister, too; have you noticed that? My wife says the creature smiles at dawn and sunset. I have never seen anything but a scowl. Perhaps the smile is only for her. This is our home."

Rose-bushes bloomed in the garden—old-world damask roses and deep-hued carnations. Under the latticed windows were rough wooden benches, and on these, trays full of rose petals drying in the sun. Beside the nearest bench stood a woman in a blue linen gown; she turned as they approached, and Tallant saw the original of the Dorothea.

"Elizabeth," said her husband, "this is Major Tallant. I have brought him here to show him the fairy-tale cottage we live in. He admires my painting, and he wants some tea."

"Fairy-tale cottages are always palaces in disguise," said Tallant, thinking that surely he beheld the fairest woman upon earth.

"Major Tallant is very welcome," she responded, and her voice was clear and sweet as a blackbird's.

"You see, Elizabeth, our guest understands us," pursued Winfrey, delightedly, as she led the way into the sitting-room. "You have no idea," he added, addressing the guest, "how seldom we babes in the wood are lucky enough to find a companion."

"We had a terrible visitor a fortnight ago," said Mrs. Winfrey, "a learned professor who had lost his way in the forest."

"He offended my wife by not admiring my drawings," explained her husband, laughing. "We were at breakfast when he knocked at the door, so I invited him to join us. Must have had a bad conscience, or he would not

have been up so early. However, I was not surprised at his want of repose—of mind as well as body—when I discovered he had never heard of Orcagna, and was not acquainted with the history of the Sultan of Cashgar's Hunchback, or anything else worth knowing. His ignorance was stupendous, yet he told me he had spent his life in the pursuit of knowledge. What knowledge, I wonder? There are two kinds; the one is a star, the other a will-o'-the-wisp; and I rather think the latter had landed him in a mental swamp. I said nothing, and he went on to observe that he did not care for painting as an art, and never noticed pictures particularly, but as far as he could judge, my efforts appeared to be about halfway between Holman Hunt and a poster! That annoyed Elizabeth.

"Extremely unnecessary frankness!" commented Tallant. "I do not wonder Mrs. Winfrey was annoyed. The courtesy of the remark was about equal to its truth."

"Well, it was rather funny," said Winfrey, reflectively, "and I am not sure that he wasn't right. But Elizabeth only gave him three cups of tea instead of five."

"I would have given him five had he wished, Sebastian," she protested, a smile sparkling in her eyes.

"You would have made him eat his food on the mat outside had I not been here to protect him."

"Oh no, I would have permitted him to sit on the bench," she replied with a soft laugh.

How old-world she was with those slow graceful movements, that serene dignity, that look of peace—St. Dorothea again on earth. Had she also brought back more of the heavenly roses? For as Tallant sat and drank tea and admired the sketches Winfrey showed him, he was conscious that the little room was filled with a curiously

rich fragrance, a mingling of rose and spice and sun-warmed fruit. The breeze that wandered in through the deep-set windows brought the woodland odors with it, but these were fugitive; whereas the wine-like perfume remained constant and almost separate. Tallant's eyes fell on the broad window-seat, where was a row of gourd-shaped earthenware pots, and boyish memories rose in his mind.

"Do I recognize the scent of pot-pourri?" he asked his hostess.

"Yes, it is in those jars. Our garden gives us the right kind of roses, the old-fashioned sorts."

"My mother used to make it." As he spoke he became aware that for some reason the subject of pot-pourri was not altogether pleasant to Winfrey, and changed the conversation by saying, "Why do you not finish that painting of your namesake on the wall there? I like it."

"My St. Sebastian?" The artist's brow cleared. "Well, as I had never seen bows drawn in battle, I reflected that I could not plant the arrows properly, and should only make him look like a pincushion, poor chap! I had some idea of turning archer myself and letting fly at the lay figure; but lay figures are expensive, and after all a stuffed shape is not a living man. Alas! in these days an artist has no patron to give him object-lessons after the manner of Bellini's Sultan."

Tallant laughed: "The pincushion aspect would probably be correct. The men who shot at the saint must have been uncommonly feeble in their archery, for if I remember rightly, he recovered. Our fellows at Crecy did better than that."

"We always do better than anybody else," said Winfrey. "Surely you are not going yet?"

"I am afraid I must. Is it not six o'clock?"

"About that. But you will come

again? Elizabeth, ask Major Tallant to come again."

"I hope you will," she said. "It is not often we have a guest who will walk in any century with us."

"It is I who am happy in my companions," replied Tallant. "I need hardly say I will come." He paused and looked at the St. Dorothea, which Winfrey had set on an easel. "I am not rich enough to buy that, but I have a friend who is. He lives in Italy, and makes a rush over here now and then to see what is going on in the art world; occasionally returning with a painting, more often with merely a grumble. If you will permit me, I will give him your address. He is in Scotland, and might run down here on his way home."

"O king, live forever!" cried Winfrey, radiant. "You shower benefits upon us right royally; first your society, now, your influence. May my painted dreams find favor in your friend's eyes."

"Amen. I think they will."

Then Tallant went back to Crowhurst in the lengthening shadows.

The summer days that followed saw him a frequent and welcome guest at the fairy-tale cottage in the heart of the woodland. The artist hailed his visits with ever-fresh enthusiasm; and Tallant sat and listened and talked, and marvelled at the charm and loveliness of Elizabeth Winfrey.

"She has greater capacity than Winfrey," he thought. "He is artist only; she might be many things, and all of them noble."

In these forest depths the time passed in like fashion as the roses bloomed; each day an unfolding of life and color and fragrance, each night falling softly as the rose petals. One morning a sea-fog rolled up from the Channel, and its misty whiteness floated wraithlike through the woods. By-and-by a wind arose from westward, and the drifting

folds of vapor fled away before it. At sunset Tallant walked to Beauséjour under a sky of ashen-gray cloud that deepened the green around him. As he passed below the hill, he saw to his surprise that the church was lighted. Winfrey had talked of making a sketch of the chancel, had he lit it up for an effect of mingled dusk and candle-light? Thinking this, Tallant mounted the steep churchyard path. The west door was wide open, and the church decorated as for a festival; yet empty and silent as ever, save for the sound of the intruding wind. Along the nave stood a double row of palms, their fronds meeting overhead and throwing heavy fantastic shadows as they waved wildly in the strong sweeping blast. Seen through this tossing maze of palm the chancel shone like a jewelled shrine with flickering candle-flames, and glow of scarlet flowers on the white and gold of the altar; and beyond, a dim rich background of saints and angels glimmering in the painted window.

Tallant looked and wondered, then walked in, pausing when a few yards from the door, conscious of the singular glamor of this beautiful shining chapel of the angels, with neither priest nor worshipper, set deep in the heart of the forest gloom. His former thought returned. Was this the silent chapel of the legend? For what was it thus bedecked? If he waited, who would come? Surely a man could keep vigil here, as did many a stout soldier of old; could commune with his own soul and be still wakeful, while the earth turned in sleep and morning came again.

The wind rushed past him up the nave, and the palm fronds waved and smote together with the dry clatter of tropic foliage, and the solitary man's thoughts took another turn. What should he—Henry Tallant—do here? he who cherished a hope that the sword of sickness might slay his friend. Stand-

ing between the darkening world and the altar lights, while the wind tossed the palms and blew the candle-flames to and fro, and the vast murmur of the forest without sounded like a distant sea, he told himself that he thought no wrong. Was not Winfrey's ill-health apparent? Seeing that death must soon sever man and wife, why should not he—Tallant—dream what life would be with Elizabeth beside him? What harm in a dream? Winfrey could not live; that brilliant vivacity of his was fire of spirit, owing nothing to the wasting body. What harm then in a dream?—what harm? Tallant was conscious that he stood there with a certain inward defiance, as though arguing with an unseen presence; knowing himself wrong, yet maintaining himself right. "Thou shalt not covet." Well, he was not coveting, he was but looking into the future, as a man thinks of his career; he—

"Did you find the cottage deserted?" said Elizabeth Winfrey's voice behind him. "I am sorry. I came out to gather lavender, and Sebastian went to Beauséjour this afternoon. He will be home now."

Tallant turned, to meet her calm, grave eyes.

"I entered the church thinking your husband was here," he replied. "What is going to happen? Why all these palms and flowers?"

"A wedding happened this afternoon, that is all; and the church was lit on account of the fog."

"A wedding! Are people married and given in marriage here?"

She looked amused: "Why not?"

"I thought it was the chapel of the angels."

"And may not people marry in the chapel of the angels?"

"I suppose so. But I imagined the place had no earthly congregation."

"Come on Sunday and see."

"Never!" he protested energetically,

"I will never come on Sunday. I refuse to behold the silent chapel filled with fashionable hats."

"There may be troubled hearts allied to the hats."

"I admit that. But I could not endure the sight. They who worship here should be 'clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.'"

She smiled and turned to the door. "Sebastian will be home now, I think. You were coming to see us, were you not, Major Tallant?"

"Yes, I am the pampered beggar asking for his usual alms. I need tea and polite conversation as much as ever." He glanced back as they went out: "Curious that we shall never see the church look precisely the same again; those waving palms, the lighted chancel, the gray dusk outside. Another time something would be different."

"Is not that the characteristic of beauty, its variation? It changes, yet is the same, as the seasons change. Would you have the world like a necromancer's garden?"

"Perhaps not. But a soldier is necessarily somewhat of a wanderer, and the wanderer always hopes on his return to find everything the same as when he left; the same scenes, the same friends."

"Friends, yes. That is another matter."

And then Tallant's conscience smote him; did he hope to find all his friends the same on his next return from Indian exile?

When they reached the cottage Winfrey was in the sitting-room lighting a lamp.

"Is that you, Elizabeth? I have just got back. Tallant here too?—that's right! Stay and dine with us; dinner is ready; I've been into the kitchen to look. I'm as hungry as a wolf! Oh, Elizabeth, throw that lavender out of the window and hold out your hands—both of them."

She laid the lavender down on the table, and smilingly held her hands as directed.

"What is it, Sebastian?"

Winfrey poured a little heap of sovereigns into the outstretched palms. "There," he cried, triumphantly. "I did not go to Beauséjour, I went to Seaford, and found the dealer had sold those two studies of mine. Is it not splendid? Excuse me, I really must—"

He picked up the lavender and flung it through the window. His wife laughed.

"Now let us have dinner," he said, with an air of satisfaction. "Tell our ancient dame to bring it in at once. We have a fairy-tale old woman," he added, turning to his guest, "to match the fairy-tale cottage."

"Does she gather fern-seed and walk invisible, that I have never seen her?"

"I daresay you have mistaken her for a mushroom," replied Winfrey gaily. He was in the highest spirits. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I feel like Midas! I am convinced Midas was a celebrated artist, hence the legend. His touch transmuted all things to gold."

"How about the ears?" inquired Tallant.

"Mere envy!—the invention of a rival. Ah, here is dinner. Let us eat, drink and be merry!"

A week later Tallant bade farewell to the fairy-tale cottage and its inmates. The afternoon was hot and sunny as on the day he first came thither; and Elizabeth Winfrey was in the garden, under the shade of a giant beech that grew outside the paling and stretched a protecting arm over the little dwelling. She was standing by a rustic table, stirring pot-pourri in a large bowl, and as she stirred the wine-like fragrance rose on the warm air.

"What idyllic housekeeping," said Tallant, opening the gate.

"Is it not?" she replied, greeting him. "I wish to fill these jars before my

husband comes. He is in the churchyard sketching, and will be here in a few minutes."

"Now do let me help, Mrs. Winfrey. I assure you I thoroughly understand the management of pot-pourri. I can fill those in no time," looking at a row of small, melon-shaped pots on the grass. He picked up one. "Please observe my dexterity."

"You are quicker than I," she admitted, seeing how swiftly Tallant got the sweet, sticky leaves into the jar, though the mouth was narrow.

"I thought pot-pourri was not finished till later in the year," he remarked.

"It is too early yet for any autumn violets, but this first making was wanted." She hesitated a moment, then added, "I sell it. Sebastian does not like my doing so, that was why he threw the lavender out of the window the other evening," she laughed a little at the recollection. "But art is sometimes slighted, and old-fashioned pot-pourri is not. A London dealer takes all I can send."

"Flat sacrilege! What has London to do with damask roses and lavender? These jars ought to be hung up in the church like so many censers."

"Oh, I do not dislike sending these ruins of summer out into the world. The scent is the scent of the olden time, and I am glad that English homes have it still."

Tallant filled the last jar and poised it on his hand.

"May I take it?" he asked, "or must it go with the others?"

"You are very welcome to it; but I do not know why you should have the smallest."

"I thought you were here, Tallant," said Winfrey, coming along the garden path, "for a few minutes ago I heard a snapping twig in the lane below me, and guessed the footstep would probably be yours."

"You would make a good scout," Tallant replied. "Curious that the snapping of a dry twig under a human foot should be like no other sound in creation. I have just begged this from Mrs. Winfrey," setting the jar carefully apart.

"That pot-pourri!" cried the artist. "It is made from flowers growing in the garden of Attalus—the garden of death! Ask Elizabeth if she does not gather them there."

"Only the lavender, Sebastian. The rose leaves are from our own garden. And I see no objection to flowers from an old churchyard; I think I like them all the better for their association with memories and peace."

"It is the dismal harmony of the whole thing that I protest against," said her husband. "Withering blossoms from a place of graves, stored up and exhaling a scent which makes me shiver; a most melancholy perfume, belonging to ghosts and empty rooms."

Tallant laughed. "My jar will remind me of your garden and the many happy hours I have spent here. I shall have it in my cabin, and the scent will not make me shiver."

"Your cabin?" repeated Winfrey. "But you are not forsaking us yet?"

"This is my last visit, I am afraid. I leave Crowhurst to-night, and England to-morrow."

"But what shall we do without you? Elizabeth, do you hear this?"

"I am very sorry to hear it," she replied.

"Thank you both. A solitary man likes to think he will be missed. Do you remember my speaking of a friend of mine living in Italy? He writes from Scotland to say he will call on you next week if you will fix a day convenient to yourself. Here is his letter. He bought a fine old place near Verona a year or two ago, and has an idea of decorating the walls with frescoes of the seasons after Botticelli or

Gozzoli. But hitherto no artist has suited him. I told him you would, the mantle of Perugino having fallen upon you."

"Frescoes! My dear Tallant, if I could paint frescoes in Italy my happiness would be perfect. I should wish for nothing more on earth."

"Well, I think the matter may almost be regarded as settled. And now I suppose it is time I started, as I must catch the early train."

"I'll walk with you and see you off at Crowhurst," said Winfrey. "It's too bad to spring this woe upon us."

"Perhaps all farewells are best when brief. Good-bye, Mrs. Winfrey, and thank you for all your kindness."

"It is we who have to thank you," she said gratefully.

At the turn of the corner Tallant looked back. Elizabeth was still standing by the gate, where the low sun lit her hair as with a glory. In the orange sunset light the cottage behind her seemed to assume its gnome-like aspect, and its glance was one of sinister mockery.

Soon after his return to India, Tallant received an ecstatic letter of thanks from Winfrey; he and his wife were starting for Italy the week he wrote. Months later one of our little frontier wars broke out, and Tallant was busy. One day another letter reached him as he sat in the lee of a boulder while the rain swished round him; a letter, not from Winfrey this time, but from the friend who had given him the commission. "Your protégé," he wrote, "has been all I could wish. My frescoes are superb. Of course the melancholy and sudden death caused me the deepest regret; but Winfrey was too true an artist for even the shadow of death to dim his coloring. I am more than satisfied with his work. I have bought the Dorothea and two or three other things

of his." Then the writer went on to speak of other matters.

Tallant folded the letter slowly. Poor Winfrey!—so he was gone. Well, at least he had had his heart's desire; his genius had been recognized. Recalling the artist's sunny companionship, the freshness of the morning that had hung about him, Tallant felt glad that he himself had been able to make those last days pleasant ones. Winfrey must have been happy over those frescoes, happy in selling the Dorothea. And as death seemed to have come suddenly, perhaps he had passed away without time for regret that he was only permitted to use his powers for so brief a space.

That evening Tallant wrote to his friend, enclosing a letter of sympathy to Elizabeth Winfrey, to be forwarded if she had already returned to England. Then he gave himself up to dreams. These frontier troubles would soon be over; and he would go home and ask Elizabeth to marry him. If he could not get leave she must come out and they would be married in some little English church among the hills; he felt sure of being able to persuade her. True, she had had no thought of any man save Winfrey, Tallant had seen that in her eyes; but she would turn to him as to one who had admired and befriended the artist; and she would be lonely. Oh, he had no fear for the future!—it shone before him as snow at sunrise.

By-and-by frontier matters were reported settled; that is, the usual temporary cessation of hostilities had been arranged; and Tallant had been badly wounded. He told himself, however, that his luck held, for he was invalided home, so that high summer saw him again in England. He rushed through town, barely stopping to get a handful of letters waiting for him at his club, and went down to the Forest. It seemed probable that Elizabeth Win-

frey would return thither, at least during the first year of her widowhood; but if she had gone elsewhere, her godfather, the vicar of Beauséjour, would know her address. Tallant's dreams were bright indeed as he alighted at the Forest station, they were so soon to become realities.

The cottage was closed and silent, but the roses reddened the garden, and the lavender bush was blue. Was Elizabeth here? There were no trays of fragrant rose petals drying in the sun; yet that was nothing. Perhaps she was at Beauséjour? Or was she in the church? Going up the steep little path, he noticed with exquisite pleasure the unchanged aspect of this fair resting-place. All was the same; the silent chapel, the hot sunshine, the dry grasses, the sweetness of the air. There, too, was the rose-bush—a trifle larger now—that Winfrey had painted in his Dorothea; and here, on the other side, more red roses. Tallant did not remember this bush; the marble cross it hid seemed new compared to the lichen-stained stones around. So still, so remote was the place, that there was a sense of incongruity in any one being buried here less than a hundred years ago. The tears should all be dried, and those who shed them should also have passed away. Thus vaguely thinking, Tallant glanced at the cross as he passed, glanced—and stopped. The black letters reeled before his eyes, becoming blurred as the moving silhouettes of leaf and flower on the white surface; then straightened themselves into words and all the happy future fled like the dream it had been:—

In Memory of
ELIZABETH,
Wife of Sebastian Winfrey,
Who Departed this Life

Here followed a date three weeks after Tallant had bidden good-bye to them

both that August evening. In a flash of miserable comprehension he saw how he had misunderstood his friend's letter. Winfrey was living; he had gone alone to Italy, his wife having died on the eve of their journey. What had killed her?

The shadows moved round and grew longer, and still Tallant stood there. The Garden of Attalus! Yes, the artist had truly named it. This was Tallant's Garden of Attalus, in it he had looked for the roses of life, and behold they hung over a grave. In the garden of his own covetous thoughts, the poisonous garden he had so carefully tilled, he had sought his roses, and found them not.

At sunset he went down to the cottage again. The door was open and an old woman appeared in answer to his knock.

"Sir," she said, evidently recognizing him, "Mr. Winfrey is abroad."

"Yes, I know. Of what did Mrs. Winfrey die?"

"Of a cold, sir. She got wet coming back from Beauséjour one afternoon, but thought nothing of it at first. She died the day they'd meant to go abroad. Mr. Winfrey was for giving up going; but the gentleman came to the funeral and persuaded him."

"I see. I should like to go into the sitting-room."

"Certainly, sir."

The room was much the same. The old woman placed a chair for the visitor and then went away, softly closing the door. Tallant sat down and pulled out his letters. There might be one from his friend; yes, here it was, the postmark Scotland. As he opened it his own letter to Elizabeth Winfrey dropped out. "Your last only reached me a fortnight ago, having been mislaid. I must have expressed myself very carelessly, for I seem to have given you the impression that Winfrey is dead. On the contrary, he is very

well, and doing two more frescoes for me, besides other things. He will get on. I think you were mistaken about his health, he seems all right here. Perhaps the Forest did not suit him. It was his wife who died; a beautiful woman; the original of the St. Dorothea, you know. She—"

Oh, what use to read more! Tallant put the letter back in his breast-pocket. He looked round at the familiar room; some of Winfrey's sketches still hung on the walls, and the general arrangement of the furniture was the same. But the sense of emptiness—of desolation! Yet there remained from the gracious past the faint scent of pot-pourri. Tallant recalled Winfrey's words, "a perfume belonging to ghosts and empty rooms." Yes, life was henceforward as an empty room, filled with fragrant memory.

When the sunset faded he rose and went out. Hearing his footstep, the old woman met him in the passage; he put some money into her hand.

"Thank you, sir. If you see Mr. Winfrey will you tell him I keep the place nice?"

"If I see him, I will. Good-night."

To himself Tallant said that the world was wide and he hoped not to meet the artist again; neither would he ever more seek the Forest. Since his roses were but dead petals, not living blooms, he desired his dream to be as a dream. He would remember the Chapel of the Angels as he saw it now, dim-gray in the starlight, visionary, unreal; rising palely on its hill from out the dark woodland. For a moment he paused at the turn of the path, and heard the vast sigh of the Forest, one long deep whisper of multitudinous leaves. Then he walked away in the blue-green gloom "hearing the owl cry and the cricket chirp," as on the night in Inverness when Duncan passed.

• C. L. Antrobus.

MEMORIES OF MILLAIS.

Retrospect is the order of the day, conduced to not a little by the close of the century. The "I remember" is familiar on the lips and from the pens of most of those who have turned middle life; and being human, and long past the proverbial span, I too have readily fallen into the habit. This was stimulated into aggressive activity some months ago by the following lines at the end of an article read to me, on "An Old Academy Catalogue," which appeared in a London morning paper:

"One turns with pleasure to a little sketch, 'Overshot Mill,' near Matlock, No. 912, to read the name of the artist, W. W. Fenn. He is with us still, this painter and friend of painters, rich in memories of those early days when he had still his sight, and now familiar in those galleries where he has long ceased to exhibit, a link with the past that is slipping from us silently but ceaselessly."

These kindly words set me thinking of the many dear artist-friends of my youth, and prominent amongst these came memories of Millais.

My first vision of this frank, genial, if somewhat abrupt and masterful lad, was long ago, right away in the early forties. Even then there was far more than promise about him; he had performed! There was evidence on every hand of his genius and infinite power with the brush. You could not fail to be struck by it, any more than you could by his grand personality. He had been made a pet of by his fellow-students at the Royal Academy, up to the doors of which he used to bowl his hoop. My acquaintance with him, however, does not date quite so far back as that; it commenced about the

time when he had carried off nearly, if not quite, all the prizes and medals in silver or gold offered for competition in the schools, and he was growing a handsome young man.

The enthusiasm of Millais was unbounded, and always ready to burst forth; his laughter was like that of the Titans. He hurled himself into sports and pastimes as he hurled himself into art, going at them with the solid force of a locomotive. He cared little whether he had a natural aptitude for them or not; his inspiration came on him as it came upon the old prophets, and do these things he *would*. He would go in for racquets and cricket, and swipe and slog as if his bat were King Arthur's sword Excalibur, without regard to "form" of any sort. Billiards, again—to say nothing of cup-and-ball, at which he became a marvellous adept—he would plunge into in the same spirit, although with more success, for his accurate eye and firm hand with the cue stood him in good stead from the first.

Much later on Millais took up hunting with the like ardor, under the ægis of his friend John Leech. His seat, perhaps, was not all that could be desired, as is suggested by Leech's drawing of him leaping a brook, in illustration of R. A. Benson's poem, "Young Nimrod's Courtship" (in "Once a Week"). He seemed to love following the hounds with more than a passing fancy; but he gave it up at the time of his marriage, alleging as his reason that which John Leech advanced when he retired from the field; "I began to see the faces of my wife and children from behind every hedge." Anyhow, he turned into the enthusiastic shot and angler whom we all know, who has

painted moors and salmon-rivers with more than æsthetic delight—the delight of the strong man who has quaffed the fresh air of the wilds, and finds it sweeter than roses or wine.

The beginning of his deer-stalking days was very characteristic, and is most humorously described by himself in a letter which he wrote to me from Scotland some forty years ago:

"I send you a line, albeit I am aching in all my limbs from having crawled over stony impediments all yesterday in pursuit of ye suspicious stag. You know the position of all-fours, which fathers assume for the accommodation of their boys in the privacy of domestic life, and you can conceive how unsuited the hands and knees are to make comfortable progress over cutting slate and knobby flint, and will understand how my legs are like unto the pear of over-ripeness. I had two shots, the first of which ought to have killed; and I am likely (in even the moments of coming trial) never thoroughly to forget the tail-between-legs dejection of that moment, when the animal, instead of biting the dust, kicked it up derisively into my face. . . . We toiled on again, and a second time viewed some deer. . . . Enough, I missed that too, and rode home on our pony, which must, from my soured temper, have known it, too! Leastways, I did not miss him! . . . Michael is an unsympathizing creature under such circumstances, being quite convinced that a cockchafer's shoulder ought to be hit flying at a thousand yards; and therefore, after the never-failing pleasure of the table was exhausted, I retired to dreams of more stomach-perambulation up and down precipices of burning ploughshares, the demons of the forest laughing at my ineffectual efforts to hit the mastodon of the prairies at fifteen yards' distance."

Tobacco, too, of which he became, perhaps unluckily, an enormous con-

sumer, absorbed Millais's attention conspicuously in quite early life; and I remember perfectly well his characteristic answer to my question, "Do you smoke, Johnnie?" He was always "Johnnie" in those days. "Smoke?" he said interrogatively, and with resentment. "Why, of course I can smoke; it makes me sick, but I can smoke." Thus, we see, he had set his mind on it, as being a proper human accomplishment, and therefore it must be his, whatever its effect upon himself might be!

Similarly he was very fond of music, and I believe that he even tackled the flute, until his family brought pressure to bear on this tendency. All his people were musically inclined. His father was a pupil of the gular *maestro* Giulio Regondi, and a performer of skill; his sister was a brilliant pianist, and, moreover—as I remember her—a fine, handsome girl, with her brother's breeziness of manner.

John Lester Wallack, the husband of that lady, was a great friend of mine, and his marriage was romantic. He saw Miss Millais in the street, fell in love with her then and there, tracked her home, noted the address, got an introduction, visited the house and offered his hand and heart. After their marriage they went to America, where Lester Wallack, in conjunction with his father—the celebrated actor of the "Brigand" and "Gentle Zitel" fame—started, and as the phrase now goes, ran Wallack's Theatre in New York; John Lester Wallack becoming as amazing a favorite there as his father had been years before. The elder Wallack was one of the very handsomest men ever seen on the stage—or off it, for the matter of that; and about the time I made the acquaintance of Millais, he was playing at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street. A most admirable likeness of him is to be seen in that early but skilful work of the

young painter, "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru," Mr Wallack having sat to him for the figure of the famous Spaniard. "Punch" had a skit on this early work, by-the-bye, which created a good deal of laughter; he called it "Pizarro seizing the *Inkstand* of Peru, which naturally looked *black* under the circumstances." Many, too, were the sketches in water-color and crayon, bold, vigorous and dashing, which Johnnie Millais made of most of the theatrical celebrities then engaged at Mr. Maddox's theatre in Oxford Street during his almost nightly visits to the house, both before and behind the scenes; for, be sure, after his introduction by Mr. Wallack, his brilliant ability with the brush carried him into everybody's favor. He was not more than sixteen or seventeen at this time, and I am betraying no secret when I say that it was a matter of some importance that he should begin to turn his grand artistic powers to account. Highly valued, too, are many of these same sketches, still retained by the descendants of the great actor, notably those of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," a character first introduced to the English public by Wallack at the Princess's.

Very vivid to me are the memories of those days, ancient history though they be. Even as I think over them I can see my dear old young friend Johnnie Millais blustering and rattling into my father's dining-room on one of our sketching-club evenings, where, assembled round a powerful lamp on the table, some half dozen or so of the "H.B.'s" as we called ourselves, were grouped. Drawing-boards and sketching-blocks, with tumblers of water, color-boxes and so forth, cumbered a space in front, for we were going to illustrate a subject on the proverbial plan in such assemblies, in two hours, and the subject was often fantastically inscribed on a sheet of paper

pinned up on the most conspicuous wall. "Hullo, you fellows! what's the subject? You'll have to lend me a block or something. I've got nothing with me but a pencil.—Eh! what's the word? 'Defence?' Yes, that's a good 'un; do for figures or landscape, just as you like!—How are you, Woolner, and Stent, too? Drawing a cathedral? Going to build one? Ah! that's a jolly good design, too. Capital! capital! You go on with that—work it out—first-rate elevation!—And Pip, my boy, how's old Pip to-night?—You are only just beginning, though—are you? I'm late of course, I know. Ah! I see, Roman senators, a trial—something of that kind! Go on with that—that's all right! Jolly long forearm, though, that chap has got! What am I to do? Let's see! Defence! defence!—Now, where's this block, old boy? Time is getting on!"

Thus rattling away as he went round the table, criticizing, shaking hands, laughing, chaffing, expecting everybody to wait upon him, do his bidding and lend him everything he wanted in the way of materials (as all were proud to do), he would sit down, not "settle" down, for he chattered and joked the while he was drawing, his long legs shuffling and stretching out in all directions under the table. When time was called, no need to say whose was the best work; that goes without saying! Many and many were these pleasant evenings in the winter when we met in rotation, at each other's houses or studios, the host of the evening retaining the sketches done under his roof. Alas! myself and only one other member of that merry crew are now "lingering superfluous on the stage." But right merry we were beyond a doubt, albeit Millais and Thomas Woolner the sculptor, long deceased, are the only names worth remembering, as "names" of the famous "H.B." sketching-club.

By-the-bye, I should perhaps here

add that it was at one of the very earliest of these pleasant gatherings that the impetuous youngster made his celebrated remark about smoking, already quoted; and that it was at quite one of the latest that the word "Defence" was the subject of the evening. Happily his illustration of it is still accessible, as it is in the possession of Henry Lucas, Esq., of Bramblehurst, East Grinstead.

Memories, too, I have of him when bright weather and long days lured some of our coterie into the then rural and picturesque suburbs of London. At North End, Hampstead, where my father and mother occupied rooms in a farmhouse during the summer of 1848, Millais was a constant visitor. He would come down ostensibly for a day's sketching, generally failing to bring any materials of his own. I had to supply these, of course, and did so gladly, seeing the many brilliant little relics he frequently left behind. As a sample we may take the sketch in water-color of my dear dad standing in the garden, under which he printed with his brush the words "Varmer Venn;" and a corresponding one, still slighter, of my mother seated on a sofa. Slight as they are, the character and likeness is simply admirable in both instances. Both sketches are still in my possession.

I was a bit of a "dab" with a leaping-pole in those days, and the broken ground on the slopes of the Heath offering splendid opportunities for the exhibition of this form of athleticism, you may be sure Master Johnnie spent not a little of the day in restless displays of hurtling leaps and bounds with my pole.

Richmond Park, again, frequently attracted him when he heard two or three H.B.'s were bent on a sketching expedition there, and many were the beautiful bits of sylvan landscape his vigorous brush produced: whilst the

picnic luncheons we sometimes indulged in amongst the rich, dense ferns and oaks were not the least part of our day's fun; and the journeys out and home on the top of the omnibus formed glorious episodes in these summer excursions.

The Thames below bridge, Greenwich, and Greenwich Park and Hospital supplied endless excuses for these outings, and my only regret is that I did not then know how interesting might have proved some of the details of the doings of our young Titan, had I taken more accurate note of them.

Many years after all this I have a very vivid memory of him in Glenfinlas, where he was painting the famous portrait of Ruskin. I chanced to be staying at the Brig o' Turk with my very old friend Mike Halliday, a strange, odd-looking little fellow, but one of the very best and truest-hearted gentlemen who ever painted a bad picture! He was a clerk in the House of Lords, but an enthusiast in art; and very soon after he and Millais first met at my father's house, he became one of Millais's most intimate friends. He is the Michael referred to in the deer-stalking letter quoted above, and was the original of Leech's "Tom Noddy."

Well, he and I were on a sketching tour, and we came across Millais in the glen—a tall figure laden with brushes and art paraphernalia. He led us to his tent pitched amongst the boulders of the torrent, and labelled in big charcoal letters for a joke "Great Pre-Raphaelite Emporium." Beneath its broad, open front stood the easel bearing the most original portrait of our times.

Ruskin, at that period, was busy writing his "Lectures on Architecture," Millais illustrating them with superb designs; but he would stroll up the glen and take his stand for the painter as we know him in the picture, grasp-

ing a shred of pine-branch, all in the flash of the water and the wet rocks. Mrs. Ruskin, afterwards Lady Millais, would escort the party and watch progress, protected from the sun and showers by one of the enormous mushroom hats in vogue at that date for country wear, which made her small, pretty figure look somewhat elf-like. Great was our wonder and admiration as the work advanced, and we were Millais's willing fags, he frequently desiring pipes and tobacco and all sorts of things while at his labor, and the village being distant.

As I watched I was chiefly struck with the rapid certainty of his execution, a fact evident in the clear freshness of the picture, and its mirror-like impression on the beholder. In those days he merely rendered all he saw like a camera, and left the theories to Ruskin, who was indeed a perfect fountain of precept. My own tendencies being towards Cox and Constable, the Professor gave my work rather a trampling criticism. On one occasion for my benefit he drew a bit of a mountain-side with trees and boulders, of which I had made a rough, sloppy sketch. "Observe," said he to me, "this is how Harding would render it, and this is how Turner would do it. Mark how conventional and mean is the one; see how true and great is the other." I kept the slip of paper, of course, feeling much honored by its possession, though I took this fine opportunity of holding my tongue.

To hark back for a moment to earlier days, I may say Millais painted a fine small portrait of my father in his early style, before the P.R.B. mania seized him; and I only refer to it as it crosses my mind amongst these desultory memories, because it is a striking example of the marvellous aptitude which he ever displayed in catching a likeness.

Volunteering Millais never quite took to. Of course he joined the Artists'

Rifle Corps directly it was embodied, and I can see him in the ranks shoulder to shoulder with Leighton, Val Prinsep, J. B. Burgess, Stacy Marks, Robert Edis, Antony Salvin, W. B. Richmond, Vicat Cole, Carl Haag, Horace Jones, Field Talfourd, and a score or two more of rising or risen painters, architects, engineers, actors, musicians, authors, journalists, etc. This was when we were beginning our preliminary drills in plain clothes at the Hanover Square rooms and in Burlington Gardens, the site now occupied by the Royal Academy, and when the "goose-step," "balance step without gaining ground," and other rudimentary motions were all the calls made upon our "understandings." These amused our hero somewhat, and there was a good deal of chuckling at the various mistakes and mishaps which befell the civilian soldiery; but he tired of it soon, I suspect, and was at any rate very irregular in his attendances. When rifles were first served out, and our fine-looking sergeant-major of the Guards instructed us in the manual and platoon exercises, he displayed a flash of enthusiasm; but it was not sustained. The handling of the weapon and examining it—the "gas-pipe," as we used to call it in the days of ramrods and before breechloaders were known—was all very well, and created a passing interest generally, in which Millais shared only to a partial extent. However this may be, I have no recollection of Millais in uniform; in fact, I don't think he ever did more than order one, even if he did that. The discipline, loose though it was in all conscience at that date, seemed to irk him; it was not consonant with his painter's disposition, and besides it made too long-drawn demands upon his time, hard worker that he was, especially after his family increased as it was rapidly doing by 1860. No; beyond a few visits to the camp at Wimbledon in the year his great friend Joe

Jopling won the Queen's Prize, and a few shots at the targets at various ranges, soldiering did not suit him, and he very soon, I suspect, vanished from the ranks of the active volunteers. I have gone through several books of "carte-de-visite" portraits of my friends of that period which I still possess, and where they figure both in war-paint and in mufti, and I can find no picture of Millais either in full-dress or undress uniform, though I possess one of him in civilian's dress. Albeit he had then been married some six or eight years, the air of Bohemia still environed him and clung to him, on some occasions, as his natural artistic breath of life.

When the Arts Club, however, was instituted by some of the leading men in the volunteer corps, Leighton and Millais were both eager and warm adherents, and constant frequenters of "Sweet Seventeen," as we dubbed the dear old house in Hanover Square where for upwards of thirty years the Arts Club flourished amazingly, until freeholds or leaseholds or "someholds" that I don't understand loosened its hold and obliged it to remove itself to Dover Street. Millais and Leighton both remained members until the days of their deaths, although perhaps neither of late years was a very constant visitor, except on special occasions. Notably one of these was a dinner which the club gave to Leighton on his accession to the presidency of the Royal Academy, when Millais was in the chair. It was only late in life that Millais developed into a good after-dinner speaker; and although perhaps never becoming very eloquent, he yet displayed a happy knack of saying the right thing in the right place in an agreeably colloquial manner. I recall vividly the example he gave of his ability at that self-same banquet to his dear old friend and fellow-artist. On that occasion, too, it was that he first

publicly told the story of what Thackeray said to him on his return from Rome about the young English painter whom the author of "Vanity Fair" had met there, and "who will oblige you, Millais my boy, to look to your laurels."

Another side to my memories of Millais must not be omitted, loth as I am to intrude my personality into them. I am bound to speak of the deep, affectionate and sympathetic regard he displayed towards me, and of the great and practical exertion he made for my substantial benefit when it became known amongst the troops of good friends of whom I can boast of having, and having had, that I should no longer be able to earn my living as a painter. The movement that was made on my behalf in the Royal Academy, and much of the success which attended my friends' exertions in other and private directions, were largely due to Millais and Halliday; and when I began to try in some sort to compensate myself by my own exertions for the deprivations which my infirmity inflicted on me, no one encouraged me more than my sympathetic old friend, John Everett Millais. I may be permitted, therefore, I hope, to wind up these recollections of the domestic and social side of his life with the following letter. It refers to the collection in book form of some of my contributions to various magazines and journals of the day in the volumes I entitled "Blind Man's Holiday:"

"2 Palace Gate, Kensington,

"Jan. 1, 1879.

"Dear Fenn,—I have very nearly read through both books with such *real pleasure* that I will not delay congratulating you heartily on your success. I have already spoken highly of the volumes, and hope to obtain

many readers. I cannot but think some of the stories might be very well dramatized: 'The Secret of the Stair,' 'Deed for Deed,' and another.

"The artist part of the book is valuable, as being the best expression of our delights, and sorrows, I have seen written.

"I am not, perhaps, competent to speak of the literary qualities; but the
Chambers's Journal.

English appears to me to be terse, unaffected and vivid. I am sure you will want no encouragement to continue at such pleasant and remunerative work as it will be, if not so already.

"With best regards to your wife, believe me your old sincere friend,

"J. E. Millais."

W. W. Fenn.

CORONATION LORE.

It is understood that the Coronation, which will be the chief event of next year's season, is to be considerably shorn of its ancient glories, therein following the precedent set by William IV and accepted by the late Queen. There has been some grumbling at the definite abandonment of the procession from the Tower to the Abbey and the banquet in Westminster Hall, but most people will agree that things are better as they are. The reason why the change was made seventy years ago is well known. George IV's love of ostentation and profuse expenditure had thoroughly sickened his subjects, who were not in the least edified by such a ceremonial as Scott has recorded in a famous letter, with the unhappy Queen clamoring at the door which had been closed on her as much by her husband's neglect as by her own folly. Greville tells us that when William IV came to the throne it was decided that the Coronation was "to be confined to the ceremony in the Abbey and cost as little money and as little trouble as possible." It was thus found possible to bring the estimates within £30,000, whereas in the previous reign they had amounted to £240,000. "The Coronation went off well," wrote Greville,

"and whereas nobody was satisfied before it, everybody was after it." It is not likely that the ancient pageants or the Coronation banquet will ever again be instituted, although it is understood that the King, who is wisely anxious to gratify any reasonable wish in his subjects, will allow himself to be seen by as many of them as possible on the way to the Abbey. Thus the Court of Claims, which sat this week for the purpose of adjudicating on the right of certain subjects to take part in the ancient, reverend and picturesque ceremonies of the Coronation, has found its labors greatly lightened—how greatly only those versed in the history of land-tenures can guess, though others may now read it at large in the handsome and learned volume of "English Coronation Records" (Constable & Co., 31s. 6d. net) which has just been edited by Mr. Leopold G. Wickham Legg, of New College, Oxford. Mr. Legg's aim was to collect "a series of documents which will give the consecutive history of the Coronation in England, from the earliest times down to the Coronation of Queen Victoria." It is very interesting to notice the persistence of the general form of the Coronation through all the

changes in non-essential parts of the ceremony. It is so long since we elected our nominal rulers that many of us forget that a King was ever on the footing of a Roman Consul or an American President. Yet a survival of that early practice is still to be heard in the Coronation Service. "Sirs," said the Archbishop of Canterbury after Queen Victoria had entered the Abbey and shown herself in the prescribed ritual to her people on all sides, "I here present to you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this Realm: Wherefore All you who are come this Day to do your Homage, Are you willing to do the same?" In this rite, now purely formal, we see the remaining shadow of the old Teutonic custom of choosing the most capable or popular man in the nation to be its leader or ruler. The curious in these matters will find in Mr. Legg's able and comprehensive work a full account of the gradual change in the Coronation ceremonies from the days of St. Columba to the nineteenth century.

The petitions on which the Court of Claims had to adjudicate, along with the more numerous ones that only arise when the Coronation banquet is in question, illustrate a specially interesting survival of our past history. The feudal system, curious and often misunderstood as it is, now only survives in the services which the Lords of certain manors claim the right to offer to the King at his Coronation. Originally, as every schoolboy ought to know, lands were granted by the Sovereign to his great vassals on condition of their aid to him in war. Often they felt that they held their estates by the sword in more senses than one. Blount, that amusing authority on land-tenure, tells us that "in the sixth year of King Edward the First, after the making the Statute of *Quo Warranto* in the Parliament held at Gloucester, the King by his Justices, questioning cer-

tain of his great Subjects, by what Title they held their Lands; among others, John Earl Warren and Surrey, being called, and demanded by what Warrant he held his, shewed them an Old Sword, and unsheathing it, said, 'Behold, my Lords, here is my Warrant; my Ancestors coming into this Land with William the Bastard, did obtain their lands by the Sword, and I am resolved with the Sword to defend them against whomsoever shall endeavor to dispossess me; for that King did not himself conquer the Land and subdue it, but our Progenitors were therein assistants and sharers.'" When the old military tenures were finally abolished at the Restoration, it was thought well to retain certain honorary services which had been connected with or had replaced the older obligation to go to battle when the Sovereign required it. Littleton tells us that tenure by "Grand Sergeanty" is where a man holds his lands or tenements of our Sovereign Lord the King by such services as he ought to do in his own proper person to the King, as to carry the banner of the King, or his lance, or to lead his army, or to be his Marshal, or to carry his sword before him at the Coronation, or to be his carver, or his butler, or to do other like services. A fair number of these tenures in Grand Sergeanty still exist. Some have been created within recent times; all visitors to Windsor have seen the flags which the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington are required to present on each anniversary of the battles of Blenheim and Waterloo in order to hold their estates. Only a skilled lawyer could tell us what would happen if this annual observance were omitted. Many estates are still held on condition of rendering some service at the Coronation. It has been acutely remarked that the American millionaires, whose hopes of being present at the forthcoming Coronation have just been dashed to the

earth, would be bidding high for these estates if the banquet, at which most of such services fall due, were not abandoned. Mr. Legg gives a full and interesting list of such tenures, which are more quaintly described by Blount. The best known of all is that of the Dymokes of Scrivelsby, whose representative is the King's Champion, and used to ride into Westminster Hall and throw down his gauntlet for any would-be rebel to lift. It is as well that the function is pretermitted, in case some crack-brained emissary of Mr. Krüger were to attempt the defiance which Scott attributed to Miss Redgauntlet. The Lord of the Manor of Heydon has the right to hold the King's towel when he washes his hands before dinner, Addington is held on condition of taking a mysterious mess of pottage for the banquet, and so on. The only service of the kind that is likely to be offered at the approaching Coronation is that attached to the Manor of Work-sop, whose Lord has "to find a rich right-hand glove for the King, to support the King's right hand, and to carry the sceptre when necessary." This duty has been successfully claimed by the Duke of Newcastle, who purchased it with the Manor from the Duke of Norfolk.

An interesting branch of Coronation lore, which Mr. Legg omits to treat among his more serious labors, deals with the omens that have been noticed at various Coronations. In a recent number of the "Nineteenth Century and After" Mr. Charles Benham touched on this subject. The most remarkable of all omens that men have seen in the Coronation ceremony was the fall of "a fair large diamond" from the crown of George III as he was walking down the Abbey at his Coronation. This was so clear a hint of some approaching disaster to the dynasty that most of those who "looked to freits" at the time must have com-

mented upon it, and when the American Colonies "cut the painter" twenty years later the fortune of any Nostradamus who had supplied the proper interpretation would have been made. The Coronation of James II simply reeked with omens of approaching evil. In the first place the Champion fell full length at the King's feet as he approached to kiss hands. "See you, love, what a weak champion you have!" jested Mary of Modena; but it was really the throne of the Stuarts that was trembling to its fall. An eminent Nonjuror, George Hickes, has left an account of other indications of ill-luck that were visible at this time. The Crown tottered when it was placed on the Royal head, the canopy that sheltered the King was broken, and the standard on the White Tower was rent from top to bottom by some blast of lowering fortune. "I put no stress upon these omens," wrote Hickes, "but I cannot despise them; most of them, I believe, come by chance, but some from superior intellectual agents, especially those which regard the fate of Kings and nations." Charles I stuck in the mud at Westminster when he went by water from the Tower to be crowned, and the ceremony was disturbed by an earthquake. It has been well said that the most trustworthy omens at Coronations are those which throw some light on the character of Kings and peoples. Napoleon's snatching of the crown from the hands of the Pope and placing it on his own head was such an omen of a headstrong reign; other things were foreshadowed by the episode of the unhappy Queen troubling the Coronation of George IV, or the graceful act of Queen Victoria in stepping from her throne to raise Lord Rolle when the poor old man tumbled down in his senile attempt to do homage. We shall look curiously to the approaching Coronation for some omen of the present

reign. Perhaps we may prophesy that it will be afforded in the assemblage of Colonials and Feudatories of an Empire that extends over "regions Cæsar never knew," all congregating with the

The Spectator.

great names of the homeland to "signify their willingness and joy by loud and repeated acclamations, all with one voice crying out, 'God save King Edward!' Then the trumpets sound."

CHILDHOOD IN CHURCH STATUARY.

There are countless angels, archangels, kings and queens, saints and soldiers, ecclesiastics, grotesque creatures and beautiful flowers, represented by the art of the sculptor and carver in various parts of the construction and ornamentation of our ancient churches; but, and it is not a little singular, childhood appears to have been passed over by the artists of the long-past centuries, to which reference is now made in an almost exclusive manner. There is the weeping babe in Amlens cathedral; there are the babes' heads tied to vine-stems pointed out to you in the Renaissance church near the Rialto, in Venice; there are the lovely children, singing, in the bronze panel of the altar in the church of St. Antonio, at Padua, by Donatello, *circa* 1450; and there are the innumerable *amorini*, that we should perhaps call cupids, in other Italian art-pieces; but these examples are not in this country. We may look into scores of our own ancient churches and not find the representation of a child, either in stone, wood or stained glass. In the few instances in which our search may be rewarded the child is usually the Infant Jesus either in the Holy Family, or carried in the arms of St. Christopher, or reposing in His mother's care, or else a cherub filling a small space in the stained glass of the tracery of a window.

Perhaps the reason for this disregard of infancy in architectural schemes is the scarcity of reference made to it in Holy Writ. Children, in a general

sense, have frequent mention, and in a figurative sense further notice, in such terms as the Children of Israel, the Children of Judah and the Children of Light; but babes or infants are rarely named. The incident of Moses being found by the daughter of Pharaoh as he lay among the flags on the border of the river is one of the exceptions, as is the child, the son of Jonathan, whose nurse let him fall when trying to take him out of harm's way, and made a cripple for life. We call to mind the commands of Pharaoh to destroy all male children of the Hebrews as soon as they were born, lest they became too numerous and masterful, and Herod's massacre of the Innocents in Bethlehem; but there are no stores of examples calling for special artistic portraiture.

On the other hand, many babes and older children have been represented on tombs in our ancient churches, without reference to the construction or decoration of the fabric. We may see them in a few instances, reposing by the side of the effigies of their mothers, who have lain outstretched on their altarlike tombs, with their hands and robes alike straight-folded, for four or five hundred years. And we may see them engraved on brass, or sculptured in stone, round the sides or along the length of many of their parents' tombs. In Scarccliffe Church, Derbyshire, there is the effigy of a lady, robed in a long gown and mantle, holding a babe on her left arm. Under her head is a

lion for a pillow, and at her feet crouches another animal. On a scroll held by the child are six lines of Latin verse, from which it has been gathered that the lady was of the baronial family of Frecheville, to whom the manor belonged, till it was forfeited in 1275 by Adam de Frecheville, for his share in a rebellion. Under an arch recessed into the wall of St. Mary's, Bute, is another effigy of a lady with an infant by her side. Her robes are folded in lines as straight as the fingers of her close-pressed hands. The side of the tomb on which she reposes is divided into eight stone panels, in each of which is sculptured a robed figure. Winds, rain and time have but added to the pathos of this silent presentment of a long-past grief. In those memorials where all the progeny of the departed parents are represented as kneeling and mourning round their tombs, we may see children of all ages and sizes. In some instances there may be but a few of these juvenile mourners; in others there are as many as a score, their faces all turned in the same direction, their hands all folded and all kneeling. The gradual diminution of their sizes is evidently intended to indicate their decreasing ages. Some of their costumes are of the quaintest description. The principal life-sized effigies on such tombs, stark and still, of course, arrest us; but we cannot turn from the presentment of these little ones without sympathy with the loss of love, care and guidance that was assuredly theirs. A brass in Hathersage Church, Derbyshire, handing down to us the figure of a man in plate armor and his wife in a veiled head-dress, shows us eleven sons and three daughters mourning, with their christian-names all recorded. Another in Magginton Church, in the same county, has five sons and a daughter engraved as mourning for a

knight and his lady. In Swarston Church, not far off, there is an alabaster gravestone engraved with the presentment of a knight and his lady with their seven sons and seven daughters, and round the edge of the stone may be made out: "John Rollston, Esquier, sutyne Lord of Swarston, dysseysyd the iij day of Deceber in ye zere of our Lord the Mccccxxxij; and Susane his wife, dysseysyd the 23d of December, ye yeare of our Lord Mcccc & v, on whose soules God have mercy." In the church of Fenny Bently, those who mourned Thomas Beresford, Esq., and his lady, placed an altar-tomb to their memory with two figures wrapped in shrouds on it, and on the side and end of it they placed figures representing their sixteen sons and five daughters also in shrouds, and added a Latin inscription which gave the interesting information that the knight held a command at Agincourt and died A.D. 1473. Etwall Church has a brass with seventeen children represented on it. In many of the old churches in Cornwall there are large slabs of slate with the families of the departed as well as their own presentments sculptured upon them in bas-relief.

In Lichfield Cathedral there is a beautiful treatment of two children of the Rev. W. Robinson, by Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A. It is understood that the design for this pathetic piece of sculpture was the work of Thomas Stothard, R.A., who is said to have declared that no other sculptor had interpreted his work so truthfully as Sir Francis had done in this instance. The two children are sleeping side by side on a mattress placed over another that is colled in a fourfold manner to raise the tasselled pillow under their heads. The younger child has one arm under her sister's neck and the other across her breast. The elder's right arm encompasses the form of her sister,

whose face is thus a little lower than her own. The feet and arms of both children are uncovered. The features are beautiful; the hair in locks of short wavy curls; the slight drapery in a few flowing folds. This monument belongs to a day not far removed from our own. The pearl-gray pillars and graceful arcades, the enchanting windows and the encompassing roofs of the fabric, the long vistas, shadowy nooks and great portals are the work of those who have gone before us centuries ago, and our thoughts go out to them with appreciation of all they achieved, but few can look upon these children unmoved. Chantrey's monument in Cheyning Church, to the memory of the Rt. Hon. Lady Frederica Louisa Stanhope, on which she is represented as clasping her infant in close embrace, will come to mind.

Of quite a different character are the cherubs often associated with mural monuments of an intermediate time. Cowper, referring to them, called them angels' faces with pigeon wings. In Lorna Doone's country, Exmoor way, in Porlock Church, dedicated to St. Dubritius, there is an example in point. A tablet placed to the memory of a worthy, who died in 1786 has three of these "wild fowl," as they have been irreverently called. They are chubby, but not lovely, and two of them have but one wing shown, a shortcoming that does away with the idea of flight. In other examples, however, two wings are generally assigned to them. Doubtless the artists of former days rejoiced in their scripture warranty for cherubs and cherubim. They are mentioned almost fifty times in various parts of the sacred writings, beginning with the guardianship of the gates of the Garden of Eden and the ornamentation of the Ark of the Covenant, and continuing past the construction of the Temple to the vision of

Ezekiel. King David, it will be remembered, in his outpouring of gratitude for mercies vouchsafed to him, declared that the Lord rode upon a cherub. Ezekiel in his vision said the glory of the God of Israel was gone up from the cherub and stood over the threshold of the house, and the sound of the cherubim's wings was heard even to the outer court. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries especially, cherubs were closely associated with the funereal art that favored the hour-glass, cross-bones and skull.

There is an expression of youth of another kind in some monuments. Those who have seen the example to the memory of Shakespeare in the chancel of the church of the Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon, will remember there are two boys sculptured on the upper part as supporters to his armorial bearings, which are placed over the entablature above the niche in which the portrait is recessed. They are both in a sitting position. One, with closed eyes, holds an inverted torch in his right hand, and rests his left on a skull; the other holds a spade in his right hand. Above them, crowning the heraldic emblems, is another skull. It has been thought that the first-mentioned figure was intended to represent Death, and the second, with the spade, to enable us to realize the grave. Interpretations doubtless differ, and some other may be more satisfactory. It is sufficient for the present purpose to indicate that childhood has found a fresh expression in this instance, and that, as in others, it is associated with a memorial. The grand old church which is as a shrine to two worlds, with its pearl-gray arcades, its traced windows, its carved stalls, its Clopton tombs, its ancient altar and font (both in our own time recovered from loss), its chained Bible, its spacious transepts and mighty tower,

takes no account of childhood in the decoration of its construction; but in the stained-glass window that America gave to Shakespeare's memory in 1896 there is a representation of the Infant Christ in His Mother's arms.

There is a Holy Family in the stained glass put into one of the ancient churches in York in the fourteenth century; and in a window in West Wick-

The Sunday Magazine.

ham Church we may see the infant Jesus in the arms of his mother; and a diligent search will find occasional examples elsewhere. But the fact remains that it is only the "modern" who has really appreciated the beauty, grace and expressiveness of childhood; and up to the present time ornamental art has taken but scant notice of it.

Sarah Wilson.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Debatable Land" of a maiden's fancy is the theme with which Arthur Colton closes Harper & Bros.' American Novel Series. The scene of the story is laid among the battlefields of the Civil War, where the rival claims of the two lovers are tested. The writer's cleverness is undeniable, but it is misdirected, and, instead of live characters and a credible plot, we have a wearisome amount of epigrammatic, artificial dialogue, and a narrative as unreal as the puppets who play their parts in it.

Numbers of friends both old and new will welcome in "Captain Bluit" the return of Max Adeler (Charles Heber Clark), after an absence of twenty years, to the field of humor in which he was so successful a generation ago. Captain Bluit and his neighbors in Old Turley discuss with delightful drollery, politics, women's clubs, class distinctions, the marriage question and other topics of unfailing freshness. The narrative interest is secondary. Henry T. Coates & Co.

Those who like a story in the Rider-Haggard style will enjoy the "Romance of the Polar Pit," which Henry Holt & Co. publish, with its tremendous chasms and mountains of precious

stones, its land-and-sea monsters of species extinct in milder climes, its Runefolk, Thorlings and dwerger, its fur-robed blonde beauties, and its dragon-delti Orm, behind whose yawning obsidian jaws lies a secret passage-way that leads to freedom. "Thyra" is an unusually good specimen of its kind. Robert Ames Bennett is the writer.

Readers of the "Living Age" will remember pleasantly the clever poem by Mr. Owen Seaman, printed in this magazine for March 9, 1901, in which the departure of a shipload of school-masters on a holiday tour among the isles of Greece was celebrated, and it was predicted that, on their return:—

"Twill be among their purest joys
To work it off upon the boys.

The leader of the party, the headmaster of Dover College, has promptly fulfilled Mr. Seaman's playful prophecy. His new edition of the 6th book of Thucydides contains the following, among other edifying notes:—"The position taken up by the Athenians may be fairly well made out on the spot. . . ." "One who visits Syracuse after reading his Grote, etc." . . . And then the crushing remark, "Professor Jowett never visited Syracuse and is no guide on points of topography."

MY MAIDEN BEAUTIFUL.

O red rose in the garden,
O red rose on the spray,
Saw you my maiden beautiful
Pass hither on her way?
Perchance she kissed your petals,
And turned from white to red
The rose that blushed to find itself
With fairer sweets o'erspread.

O blackbird in the thicket,
And you, sad nightingale,
Heard you my maiden beautiful
Go singing down the vale?
For, syne yon dulcet measure
Dame Echo hither bore,
Methinks your plaintive notes have
caught
A lilt they lacked before.

Lady Lindsay.

FOUR EPIGRAMS FROM THE AN-
THOLOGY.

("Laus Veneris."—Asclepiades B.C. 290;
Samos, I, 2.)

Sweet to thirsty throats in summer is
the draught of snow,
Sweet to sailors after winter spring's
first blossoms blow;
Sweetest though when one cloak
covers

Two glad lovers.

("Love and the Scholar."—Marcus Argenta-
rius, I, 4.)

As I read Hesiod one day
Chloris came suddenly my way;
I dropped the book and cried for
glee—

"Old Hesiod, that's enough for me!"

("Lover's Lips."—Plato, I, 5.)

Kissing Phyllis, all my soul
To my lips once found its way,
And eager to attain the goal
Had very nearly passed away.

("Love the Runaway."—Meleager, I, 13.)

Stop the thief! Raise hue and cry!
Love, wild Love, has fled;
At the dawn I saw him fly
Laughing from my bed.
The boy is tearful, swift and shrill,
A chatterbox and sly,
Winged is he and has shafts to kill,
There's boldness in his eye.

No father owns him; earth denies
The rascal, sea and air
Disclaim him each. Where'er he flies
All hate him everywhere;
More snares for souls I fear he'll trace.
See!—ambushed there he lies;
The archer's made his lurking place
In Myrrha's laughing eyes.

G. Leveson Gower.

The Spectator.

THE LAKE AND THE STAR.

All night the blue Lake lay at rest.
One star shone from the sky afar,
And the blue Lake's untroubled breast
Mirrored that star.

When each gray Dawn the Sun arose,
And stars before him veiled their
light,
She longed all day for the repose
Of starlit night.

"Star, who hast left the realms of
space,
With me to dwell, on me to shine,
My heart shall be thy resting-place
For thou art mine."

One night a storm of wind awoke
The surface of her placid breast,
Till on the strand her ripples broke,
In fierce unrest.

Dark clouds obscured the moon and
stars.
The star she loved shone down no
more,
As a caged lark beats prison bars
She beat the shore.

The white surf o'er her waters trailed,
Her bosom heaved by storm winds
tost,
While through the tempest she be-
wailed
That one star, lost.

Yet shone that star with fiery glow,
Remote from her in its lone spot,
Unchanged through shine or storm, al-
though
She knew it not.

Beatrice G. Pratt.

Literature.